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1929 Pontiac Spl. Coach	265
1930 Willys 6 Sedan	335
1931 Chevrolet Coach	395
1931 Ford Spl. Roadster	295
1929 Studeb. 6 Sedan	395
1930 Dodge 8 Sedan	475
1931 Dodge 8 Sedan	725
1928 Essex Spl. Coupe	95
1928 Essex Sedan	115
1928 Essex Spl. Cpe.	95

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Sunday, April 17, 1932

Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

PRINCE AHMED AND PERI-BANU——

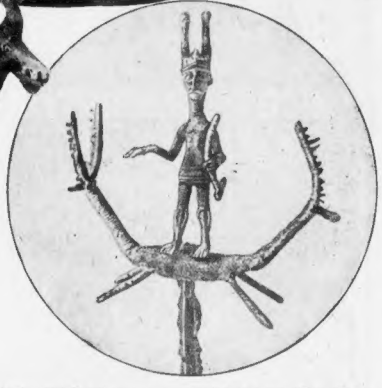
PRINCE Ahmed's father couldn't make up his mind to which of his three sons to will his kingdom. He hit upon the idea of giving it to the one who shot an arrow farthest. Prince Ahmed's arrow kept on going. He followed it for miles. He overtook it beside a great gate in the side of a mountain. Through it Prince Ahmed entered a ... ous cavern. It was the home of the fairy Peri-Banu, who had been hovering ... unseen when he shot, had instantly fallen in love with him and had carried th... r away with her, knowing he would follow. They led a pleasant life until ... 'nce became homesick for his father, brothers and other relatives. Peri-Ban... 'm pay them a visit. They were jealous of his prosperity, and treated him bad... Peri-Banu sent her brother to punish them. He slew Prince Ahmed's fath... others and other relatives. That cured Prince Ahmed's homesickness, because you cannot be homesick for your family if your sympathetic sweetheart has killed them all off, and so he and Peri-Banu lived happily together forever after.

Curious Votive Offerings Found In Ancient Sardinian Graves

Effigy of a Divinity Believed by the Sardinians to Have Reigned Over the Infernal Regions. It Is Probably an Ancestor of "Satan" and Is Similarly Equipped With Horns and Is Holding Instruments of Torture.

Sanctary and Altar Found in One of the Graves. The Survivors of the Deceased Evidently Were Appealing to Some All-Powerful God to Grant the Departed's Desire for Peace.

A Lamp, Modelled After a Boat in Which a Monkey Is Riding, Uncovered From One of the Ancient Tombs.



Another Diabolical Creature Atop a Double-headed Stag, Whose Wrath Had to Be Appeased, Apparently, by Votive Offerings.

A Serri Tomb Yielded This Strange Relic—a Crudely Carved Bull, Which Was Shattered, Possibly by Grave Robbers.

FOR many months scientists have been digging on the sites of long-lost cities on the Mediterranean island of Sardinia and unearthing strange relics of a race that lived on the island centuries before the dawn of history.

Where the people of this race originated and how many years ago they lived is a mystery that never may be solved, but the crudely fashioned copper "grave sculptures" they left behind them show that the artists who made these objects passed on before the Roman invasion of the island during the fifth century before Christ. There is not the slightest trace of Roman influence in the relics.

Readers of the American Weekly will remember the publication in this magazine, some weeks ago, of a story about the first artistic treasures which came from the present operations in Sardinia. These were warlike figures of copper believed to be "grave companions" of ancient residents of Sardinia. Most of the figures were shown with spears, swords and bows and arrows, weapons presumably intended to protect the spirits of the departed from harm in their travels beyond the grave.

More recent excavations have yielded other curious statuettes which the scientists take to be votive offerings to one or more supposedly powerful and evil-tempered deities of the Underworld —some prehistoric conception of the Satan of the Christian religion.

That the ancient Sardinians feared these gods while they made offerings to appease their wrath and secure their protection for the dead is evident from the fact that many of the votive offerings were not placed carefully in the tombs of the dead, but obviously were thrown in just before the entrances to the burial places were closed.

It would seem that it was the custom to make the sculptured figurines and other objects in forms which fitted the personality and earthly activity of the deceased, in the hope that the gods would permit the spirits of the dead to enjoy the mode of life they wanted in the existence beyond death.

Among the objects recently brought to light is a lamp, modelled in the shape of a boat in which what appears to be a monkey is riding. It is guessed that the individual in whose behalf this gift to the gods was made was a boatman in life and prayed that the invisible rulers of his destiny would let him be a boatman in the spirit world.

Another of the relics is a tiny shrine, or sanctuary, believed to indicate that the person into whose grave it was tossed was deeply religious on earth and wanted the gods to know that he, or she, intended to go on being a devout worshipper in whatever realm might lay behind the grave.

The crudely fashioned figure of a bull, found in another of the underground burial places, led the archeologists to believe that they had come upon the tomb of a farmer whose relatives, by this votive offering, hoped to induce the gods to let the spirit of the dead man continue as a farmer.

Perhaps the strangest of the prehistoric art treasures is a diabolical figure standing on the back of a two-headed stag. Just what this signifies is a matter of conjecture. It might mean that the person from whose grave it was taken was a hunter, or it may be a likeness of one of the Sardinian deities who was expected to feel kindly disposed to the departed because of this sculptured tribute to the god himself.

All these objects show that the prehistoric Sards worshiped pagan gods, but that they had a very definite religious creed which included a belief in immortality, which they hoped to attain by appeasing the wrath of their deities.

Ex-Paralytic Now a Gymnast

SIX YEARS AGO, when he was a lad of 11, Richard Landau, of Los Angeles, California, was stricken with paralysis. The doctors who attended the boy said that he might possibly regain the use of his arms and legs but that it was probable he would always be a cripple, forced to spend the rest of his life in bed, or in a wheelchair.

"Dick" Landau, fortunately, is one of those persistent optimists who believe that a fellow may be down, but never out—unless he is too spiritless to fight against Fate. How successfully he fought against his seemingly insurmountable handicap can be seen in the photograph at the right, showing "Dick," now 17 and a high-school student, performing one of the difficult gymnastic stunts that have made him the champion performer of his school.

In this picture, the young man is doing a handstand on roller skates—a trick that few professional gymnasts have mastered. Besides this stunt, "Dick" can walk up and down stairs on his hands and perform a repertory of maneuvers on the parallel bars and flying rings that few of his physically normal schoolmates attempt.

It was during four years of carefully graduated exercises—beginning with the simplest of movements—that this determined boy regained full use of the upper part of his body. Day after day he flexed and relaxed the atrophied muscles of his arms, his chest and his back until they became flexible enough and strong enough for him to perform such simple exercises as the "push-up" and "chinning" himself on a bar.

From these he went on to the handstand, by putting his hands on the floor and tossing his still paralyzed legs above his head and against a wall. Today he is one of the best amateur gymnasts in the country and, certainly, the champion athlete among cripples.

Roller Skating With His Hands Is a Favorite Exercise With Richard Landau, 17, Who Though a Paralytic at 11, Has Regained the Use of the Upper Part of His Body by Systematic Muscular Development.

WIDE WORLD - PHOTO

Science Plays With "Toy Earthquakes"

SCIENTISTS know that they are powerless to prevent earthquakes, but they believe that they can find out how buildings could be constructed in order to withstand the periodical quakings and shakings that take a heavy toll of lives and property every so often.

Many interesting experiments already have been carried on in a laboratory at Stanford University, California, where miniature buildings are set up on a steel platform mounted on wheels. Shocks and tremors—"toy earthquakes," the scientists call them—are imparted to the steel platform by bumping it with a pendulum weighing half a ton and by agitating it with the unbalanced flywheel of a motor fastened to the upper surface of the platform.

With this simple apparatus the experimenters have been able to reproduce, in a small way, the same kind of shocks that caused the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 and the Tokyo earthquake of 1923. With metal building of different construction they have learned just which kind of construction can withstand these unpredictable ripplings of the earth's crust.

The findings of the scientists are, as yet, incomplete. But they believe that certain types of buildings set on loose soil have a better chance of standing up under a quake than buildings set on a solid foundation of rock.

All information learned in the Stanford University laboratory will be turned over to the Government and distributed to builders and architects all over the country, so that they may design and erect buildings more nearly quake-proof than most structures are today.

Chimney-Sweep Is Town's Mayor

LONDON.

NEWSPAPERS all over England made much of the fact that Councillor T. Brooks, a chimney-sweep, recently was elected mayor of the little town of Bethnal Green. But the citizens of this community see nothing unusual in the situation.

Mr. Brooks, according to one of the town's leading business men, has, in the past twenty years, served his fellow citizens well in many political jobs. He is surprisingly well read and well informed about the economic and political situation in England. He has intelligence and tact and everyone in the town respects and admires him.

Mayor Brooks has a theory that it doesn't matter what a man does for a living so long as he does it well. Without becoming personal, he often has remarked that he would rather be a thorough-going cleaner of chimneys than a half-baked lawyer. And the people of Bethnal Green believe that that the head of their government is the best chimney-sweep in the country.

Mayor Brooks announced, on the day of his election, that he would lay off his sooty calling one day a week and spend his day in the town hall. He also will devote several evenings a week to municipal affairs. The rest of the time he will go on with a profession which no other mayor in the world can boast.

© PHOTO PRESS

Councillor T. Brooks, the Newly Elected Mayor of Bethnal Green, England, Who Will Continue to Clean the Chimneys of His Constituents.

Miss Evelyn Holt, a Star of the German Films, Whose Income Is $3,000 a Week, as Compared to $9 Which She Earned in England as a Child Worker in a Lancashire Cotton Mill.

From Cotton Mill to Stardom

BERLIN.

IT was only a few weeks ago that movie-goers from one end of the German Republic to the other, found out about the humble origin of one of their most popular and highly-paid film stars. Her name is Evelyn Holt, her salary is $3,000 a week and the revelation of her modest background came in a magazine which published her life story.

All that Miss Holt's millions of admirers knew about her was that she is strikingly beautiful, that she is an actress equally facile at slapstick comedy or stark tragedy and that she was born in England. They did not know that she was the daughter of a poor mill-worker and that she, herself, as a little girl, slaved in a Lancashire cotton mill for $1.50 a day.

The actress's frankness about her past has endeared her more than ever to German audiences, whose appreciation of her dramatic ability has made her one of the leading box-office attractions among European queens of the films.

"For a long time," said the English girl in the story of her life, "I thought it best not to talk about my childhood. I wasn't ashamed of it, but I felt that I might somehow bring embarrassment to my folks, who were the kindest and dearest parents that anyone could have.

"On my last visit home, I explained to my mother that several publishers had requested me to let them print the complete story of my career for the enjoyment and enlightenment of my German public. I asked her if she and father would mind if I talked frankly about my childhood in Lancashire. And she assured me that there was no reason in the world, if I wanted to, why I shouldn't present the facts of my life as they are."

Evelyn Holt is not envious of other movie actresses and she often remarks that she thinks she might have achieved stardom sooner than she did—although she's still a young woman in her twenties—if she had sprung from a theatrical background.

But she knows, from experience, that success on the stage and on the screen has come to hundreds of people with no dramatic tradition to help them along the way.

"It may sound silly to some people," says the English girl, "if I say that I believe I'm a better actress for having been brought up in the most modest of homes and among people who have to work hard to make ends meet.

"In such an environment one learns a great deal about life and about people first-hand. I know how poor people think and feel and look and this knowledge has made it possible for me to play many roles on the screen with a sincerity and realism that must be learned in the school of experience."

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Ha! Another Amateur Detective "Gets His Man"

Only in This Case It Was the Clever, Wide-Awake Mrs. Helen Holmes of St. Louis Who Tracked Down the Unknown Murderer and Earns the Reward

As the Man She Suspected Sat Reading the Evening Newspaper, Mrs. Holmes Went to the Radio and Casually Turned the Dial Until She Came to a Detective Mystery. When the Story Reached the Pursuit and Capture of the Murderer, Mrs. Holmes Watched the Man Turn White, Beads of Perspiration Stood Out on His Forehead, and the Newspaper Shook in His Trembling Hands.

The Home of the Sauer Family in St. Louis, Where the Unfortunate Mrs. Sauer Was Mysteriously Murdered.

Knowing That the Police Had Found Finger-prints at the Scene of the Crime, Mrs. Holmes Determined to Secure Prints From the Hand of the Man She Suspected. So, Carefully Washing and Wiping a Cup, She Amiably Offered a Cup of Coffee to Campbell, and After He Had Finished It Was Sent to the Police, Making Sure That She Had Not Disturbed the Imprint of the Man's Thumb and Fingers.

THE DREAM.

"DO YOU know, Alfred," said Mrs. Helen Holmes to her husband as she finished the last page of a detective novel, "if there is one thing more than another I'd like to do, it is to be an amateur detective and catch a murderer."

"Yeah? You see that sort of thing in the movies and read about it in novels, but it doesn't happen in real life," said Mr. Holmes, resuming his newspaper.

"And it would be fine to have the nice reward they usually offer," continued Mrs. Holmes, not at all discouraged.

"How is an amateur sleuth going to find the man unless he walks up and says, 'I did it'?" Mr. Holmes remarked decisively.

"Well, I still believe if you keep your eyes and ears open and have a taste for that sort of thing, a person might solve a mystery and get the reward," said Mrs. Holmes, as she turned on the radio to a detective hour, in the parlor of their rooming house, No. 3932 Delmar Blvd., in St. Louis, a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Helen Holmes, Wife of Alfred Holmes, the Amateur "Lady Detective" Who Found the Murderer for the Police.

Dining Room of the Sauer Home, Where the Tragedy Took Place.

Charles Campbell Signs His Confession as Chief of Police James C. Ryan Sits at His Elbow.

14-Year-Old Betty Sauer, Who Discovered Her Mother's Dead Body on the Dining-Room Floor.

THE FULFILMENT.

IT was a dark Winter afternoon of Jan. 4, when little 14-year-old Betty Sauer, returning home from her high school class, turned the knob of the front door in the Sauer residence, No. 3104 Walter Ave., in Maplewood, a suburb of St. Louis. The door was locked, so she opened it with her own key and she entered with her 8-year-old brother Bobbie.

The children did not call to their mother because two hitherto infallible signs indicated that she was out. The front door was locked and two bottles of milk left by the milkman at noon were still on the porch. But they were wrong. In spite of this evidence their mother was there. Throwing their school books on the table they raced into the pantry where Bobby loaded a slice of bread with jam and his sister helped herself to a large dill pickle. Then both wandered into the dining room and screamed.

There was their mother lying on the floor, a cushion from one of the chairs across her stomach and her head a mass of blood. Dropping their food on the floor, the children ran to a neighbor and hysterically blurted out the news which was telephoned to Chief of Police James Ryan, of Maplewood. A few minutes later the howl of a police car siren, followed by heavy feet on the porch, heralded the approach of the professional detectives. In business-like manner they determined several things. Mrs. Sauer had been beaten to death with a blunt instrument. It had not been a surprise attack because all the blows were in the front of her head.

Almost immediately they found their "blunt instrument" where the murderer had tossed it under the piano. It was an iron pipe, about a foot long and three-quarters of an inch thick, with a nut screwed onto one end. The other end, used as the handle, was covered with tissue paper, presumably to avoid leaving finger prints. The tissue was preserved and on it they were able to develop just one clear finger print.

The murderer had evidently barred the back door and gone out by the front door, locking it and taking the key with him. Louis E. Sauer, Jr., 16-year-old high school boy, came home at 5:30 and could offer the police no help, nor could his father, owner of a large St. Louis machine shop. The dead woman had a blameless reputation and no enemies. The murder instrument did not come from the Sauer machine shop and, unless some tramp had gotten in, the murder seemed inexplicable.

Yet if it was a tramp what was his motive? There was nothing missing in the house, no evidence that it had been ransacked, Mrs. Sauer's wedding ring was on her finger and a valuable diamond one, up stairs, was lying in a drawer. Just one more meagre clue fell into the hands of the police in the information that two men in a black sedan had asked the direction to the Sauer house, in the morning of the murder, and that was every crumb of fact that the professional sleuths were able to get.

That lone finger print apparently did not belong to any known criminal and, therefore, would be useless until they could at least compare it with the fingers of a suspect. But there was no suspect. The inquest jury found that the crime had been committed by "a party or parties unknown," the facts were printed in the local papers and it was evident to all that the authorities were completely baffled.

Here was exactly the sort of situation in which good old Sherlock Holmes used to be invited in to do the impossible. The police did not invite Mrs. Helen Holmes to take this case, but she took it anyway. Like everyone else she had read every word of what little there was to print and her first thought had been that the murderer might just as well have come in and killed her that afternoon. It was her husband who jokingly put the thought in her mind. He remarked:

"This paper says Mr. Sauer is offering $1,000 reward for catching the murderer."

"Guess his money is safe enough. They'll never catch him," prophesied Mrs. Holmes.

"Say, Helen, you said you would like to do a detective job. There is your chance, go out and show them."

Not hearing any answer to his frivolous suggestion, Mr. Holmes went on reading and forgot about it. But his wife didn't. After a while she stepped out of the room for a few moments. On her return her voice was trembling with excitement.

"Alfred, doesn't it strike you queer that Charles Campbell, who used to work in Sauer's machine shop, rooms with us?"

"Why queer? He has to live somewhere."

"But it is queer," Mrs. Holmes persisted. "I just went to his room and asked him if he had read about the Sauer murder and I saw drops of sweat come out on his face. Why should he do that?"

Mr. Holmes suggested that the man might have had cramps or something and, anyway, he didn't think his wife ought to suspect a poor man of murder just for that.

"But I had more than that on him before I spoke to him just now," Mrs. Holmes said. "The day of the murder I saw him go out with an old cap on and come home wearing a brand new hat."

"What does that prove?" Mr. Holmes wanted to know. "Men do that right along—leave their old cap or hat in the hat store when they buy a new one. I've done it lots of times. But Lord, how do you women find time to notice all these things and remember them?"

"You bet I noticed and I had good reason," his wife assured him. "Before Campbell left the house he stalled me off on his room rent, saying that he hadn't any money. So, of course, when I saw him coming home with a new hat I gave him a piece of my mind for spending his money that he owed me for the rent."

"And what did he say?" Mr. Holmes inquired.

"He didn't say anything," his wife replied. "He just pulled out a roll of bills and paid me right up to date. Now just explain to me, will you, how he happened to get all that money on the day of the murder."

Mr. Holmes had no idea, but he didn't see what that had to do with the crime because nothing was missing in the Sauer house and the piece of pipe did not come from the machine shop.

"Who says nothing is missing?" asked Mrs. Holmes, and answered the question herself. "Mr. Sauer; as if any husband ever knew how much money his wife has. But I'll show you that something is wrong tonight if he will only stay downstairs after supper during that detective story hour on the radio. You watch his face."

With her mind on that $1,000 reward the lady sleuth decided that while she watched she would earn the money by producing some real evidence. Luck was with her. Campbell sat down in the parlor and was reading the evening paper when Mrs. Holmes tuned in the detective yarn. She watched closely as the radio sleuth came nearer and nearer to the radio murderer and finally put the handcuffs on him. From another part of the room Mr. Holmes was also watching.

Both saw the man turn white and that his hands began to tremble till they made the paper shake. Yet when he put the paper down and met his landlady's eyes, he put it up again as a shield.

"What is the matter, Mr. Campbell?" she asked. "You look sick."

Campbell admitted that he was and at once found his landlady all sympathy. He must have a cup of hot, black coffee right away. She ran to the kitchen for it and presented him with a glistening white cup full. The man gulped a little of it down, thanked her, said he felt better and went up to his room.

Mr. Holmes was now as convinced as his wife that their boarder knew something about that murder. In the morning while Mrs. Holmes told her suspicions to Mr. Sauer, her husband carried a carefully handled coffee cup to police headquarters. Just as the amateur lady detective had planned, they found on it a perfect set of Campbell's right-hand finger prints.

That evening Campbell's face broke into sweat again as Chief Ryan called and charged him with the murder. But he stoutly denied any knowledge of the crime. He said:

"You've just got a suspicion about me because you can't think of anybody else."

Campbell had a glib story accounting for his time on the day of the murder. When he had finished the chief said:

"What you really did was this. You were broke and you went to the house of the man who had employed and befriended you in the hope of borrowing some more money. You found his wife there alone and when she refused to give you anything, you killed and robbed her of some money we did not know about at first. Either you got blood on that old cap of yours or you were afraid someone had seen you wearing it near the house, so you bought a new hat and threw the cap away."

As he spoke the chief saw the man's face grow whiter and the beads on his forehead bigger. In another moment he should get a confession. He went on:

"Then you came home here, wearing your new hat, and out of the stolen money you paid your landlady."

But at these last words the color began to return to the prisoner's face, he heaved a long sigh of relief and said:

"So that's it. You are getting all these ideas from Mrs. Holmes who reads detective stories and thinks she is Sherlock Holmes. You haven't got one single thing on me because I'll tell where I got the money, after I've seen a lawyer."

"Campbell, you know we got finger prints off the wrapping paper that held the pipe, don't you?"

"Yes, I read that in the papers," the suspected man replied.

"Well, you didn't know when Mrs. Holmes handed you that cup of coffee in the parlor last night that it was washed up specially to get your finger prints—and we've got 'em, just where you left your marks on that cup."

Campbell sat in silence while the blood went out of his face once more and the sweat came back on his forehead.

"All right, Chief," the man finally said, "you know so much I might as well tell you the whole story."

After his confession had been verified, including an identification of Campbell by the hardware store clerk who had sold him the pipe, the chief shocked his prisoner by mentioning that the finger print on the paper was not his but belonged to the clerk who had wrapped the pipe up.

His confession revealed that Campbell had a young and pretty wife who had left him. His idea was that if he could get money enough to take her away from certain influences in St. Louis, he might win her back. To obtain the money in a hurry he decided to knock someone on the head and bought the pipe for that purpose. He had borrowed $30 from Mr. Sauer and worked it out at the shop and before resorting to violence thought he would see if he could not get as much or more from Mrs. Sauer by persuasion.

She recognized the man, let him in and listened to a long story of his domestic troubles. But Mrs. Sauer did not agree with him on several things and they had an argument. Finally she arose and said she did not wish to discuss the matter further. In a sudden blaze of anger and disappointment, he drew the pipe from his pocket and struck her on the head. What happened after that he claimed was just a blur. Not in his formal confession but later he admitted seeing the woman's purse lying on the piano and taking $22.10 from it.

Campbell pleaded guilty and Judge McElhinney announced that he would "assess the penalty as hanging."

So Mrs. Holmes, with her husband's help, solved the impenetrable murder mystery, made sure that justice was done and earned her reward. No sleuth of fact or fiction could have done more.

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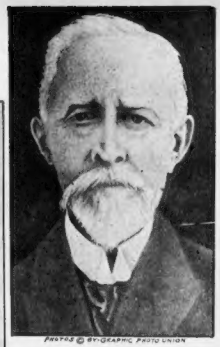
The Rich But Unhappy Heiress Who Will Defy The Will Banning Her Marriage

Knoll House, Kent, England, Part of the Estate Which the Eccentric Old John Samuel Newlyn Bequeathed to the Rector's Daughter on Condition That She Never Would Marry.

Miss Marjorie Joyce Clementson, Who Will Challenge the Will of Her Benefactor and Marry the Young Man of Her Choice, Even Though It May Cost Her a Fortune.

Miss Clementson.



PHOTOS © BY GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION

The Late John Samuel Newlyn, Who Loved Miss Clementson, but Kept It a Secret During His Life. Only When His Will Was Read Did the Truth Come Out.

To the Left—Bernard Thorp, fiance of Miss Clementson. He Will Share His Bride's Riches if the English Courts Are Kind.

LONDON.

EVER since the night that John Samuel Newlyn, aged and eccentric master of Knoll House, died in the seclusion of his austere manor, the good people of the town of Stapleton, just beyond the outskirts of London, have been agog over the terms of his surprising will and the episodes that have grown out of that unusual document.

Everyone in Stapleton knew that Squire Newlyn was a frequent visitor to the modest home of the Reverend John Schofield Clementson, the village rector, but they did not know that the old man so admired the rector's daughter, Marjorie, that he had made up his mind to leave her Knoll House, the income from a £100,000 fund, $7,500 in cash and his luxurious motor car.

The rector and his 25-year-old daughter seemed more surprised than anyone else at this seeming windfall which had come to the girl from a rich man who had watched her grow from a curly-headed tot to a charming young woman. They were particularly surprised by the stipulation that this generous bequest would be forfeited if Marjorie should fall in love and marry.

At the time of John Newlyn's death, which was about two years ago, Marjorie Clementson had no thought of marrying. And, although she professed to be wholly ignorant of the deep admiration the old squire felt for her, she quit the rectory and became the chatelaine of Knoll House, with its spacious private park and its staff of seven servants, who catered to her every want.

Of course, there was more than a little gossip floating about the village, but Marjorie closed her ears to this, and apparently felt that she had made her Cinderella-like status clear when she told a London newspaper reporter, "I can't imagine why Mr. Newlyn made me his heir unless he was grateful for my father's friendship and fond of me, as old people sometimes are of children of their close friends. It is absurd to imagine that he was in love with me. I suppose he put that restricting clause in his will because he couldn't bear to think of me living in his home with a stranger having no interest in Knoll House and its traditions."

Miss Clementson had been living the life of a lady of the landed gentry something more than a year and a half when she discovered two things that changed her whole outlook on life and set the good folks of Stapleton a-talking again—she fell in love and decided that playing the lady was a lonely and expensive business.

Her first move was to confer with the lawyers of the late Mr. Newlyn, who saw no reason why she should not sell the estate he had left her and return to the modest surroundings of her father's rectory. Knoll House and all that went with it was sold at auction and the proceeds were held in trust for the rector's daughter.

Miss Clementson With One of the Hunting Dogs on Her Newly Acquired Estate.

No sooner was the estate transferred to other hands than Miss Clementson announced that she was engaged to a well-to-do young Manchester business man named Bernard Thorp, and that she expected to marry him.

The alert barristers entrusted with the affairs of the eccentric Squire Newlyn, remember the conditions under which the old man had made the rector's daughter his heir, immediately clamped the lid on the sizable fund created by the sale of Knoll House, and notified Marjorie that her intention to marry cut her off from this money.

Miss Clementson really didn't care about money, she said, because her husband-to-be has enough for both of them to live in comfort. Thorp backed her up in this statement, and said that, heiress or not, he intended to marry her, and he doesn't give a rap what the courts decide to do with the substantial sum of cash which represents the value of Knoll House and its rich furnishings.

Most Stapletonians are inclined to take the rector's daughter and her fiance at their word, and they are glad—because they never had much love for the bearded and aloof master of Knoll House—that Marjorie has decided to fight the will.

She isn't fighting the will because she wants the money, she explains, but because expert counsel has informed her that any will which prevents a person from marrying is illegal in England. Not long ago no less a jurist than the Lord Chief Justice declared such a will "contrary to public interest and, therefore, void in law."

The furore in Stapleton is spread far beyond the limits of the quiet little village, because the decision in the case will have an important effect on English legal practice, and because the case of the rector's daughter against the narrow-minded wishes of her admirer now has a curious twist which may lose the suit for her.

Squire Newlyn left her Knoll House, which is now the property of someone else. The law, being the complicated thing that it is, may rule that in turning the estate into cash, Marjorie Clementson relinquished her right to the worldly goods of an eccentric old man.

But no matter what happens with regard to the ultimate ruling on the disposal of the estate, Miss Clementson and her fiance will go through with their wedding plans. Neither is willing even to delay their happiness because of the promise of money and luxury.

Art Monstrosities Explained at Last?

Maurice Lambert, the British Sculptor, Wearing the Eye-shield and Nose-pad While at Work on a Statue. Some Critics Intimate That the Shield Distorts His Vision With the Result That His Carvings Are Always Grotesque.

MANY readers of the American Weekly have wondered at the grotesque monstrosities modernist sculptors are turning out. Here is a photograph of a prominent British sculptor, Maurice Lambert, at work. He's wearing a nose pad to keep the marble dust out of his lungs and goggles to shield his eyes.

Sculptor Lambert is, of course, wearing the goggles for the same reason that he wears the nose pad. But some of his more outspoken critics—and England is full of them—have accused the artist of sparing his eyes from gazing upon the distorted thing he is creating. Never, they say, have they seen such ugliness produced in the name of art.

Only a handful of disciples of the so-called Modernist School can see anything artistic or creative in the curious works that take shape under the chisel of this Englishman, who calls his latest offense against classical art forms, "Father and Son."

The man is a bullet-headed, thick-necked creature as fat as a Buddha and with a face devoid of all human expression. The son is a "spitting image" of him, with a head like a cocoanut and a body the like of which never was seen on any human child.

Lambert belongs in the same artistic category as Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, whose work has been the storm center of artists and art lovers for several years now. Many of Epstein's figures are as unorthodox and inhuman as Lambert's, although he occasionally turns his hand to a bust or a full figure in the classical manner.

It would be a mistake to say that there are no critics or no connoisseurs of sculpture in the British Isles who laud Lambert's brand of art. Some of the critics are as ardently in favor of his creations as his detractors are against it.

This was apparent a few weeks ago when the young man engaged a London gallery to exhibit some dozen pieces of his work. Most of the visitors to this exhibition thought the busts, torsos, full figures and groups were artistically meaningless, not to say childish. A few people, most of them adherents of Modernism, hailed the young man as imaginative, courageous, basic and in advance of his time. They explained that he is not concerned with the mere physical appearance of things, but with the spirit and the soul of them.

"If there is any soul in this collection of rot," said one well-known English art critic, "I'll eat it, marble and all. I've never seen such monstrosities posing as art in my life."

Lambert is a good-natured fellow and used to such attacks on his work. The meaner the remarks against the school of artistic expression which he represents, the harder he labors in his studio. He believes that his work, and the creations of other modernists, will be appreciated when people understand his esthetic motives.

PHOTO BY THE "ARGUS" MELBOURNE

Lieut. J. Reece, of Australia, Making a Head-first Leap With the New Parachute, Which Is Equipped With a Pilot Parachute That Causes It to Open Quickly and With a Sudden Jerk.

Head-First in Leap With New Parachute

THE photograph above—one of the most remarkable aerial pictures ever taken—shows Lieut. J. Reece, a veteran Australian airman, plunging from a plane to demonstrate the practicality of a new-type parachute.

Parachutes of several shapes and sizes have been developed in the past few years and most of them work. But occasionally a 'chute fails to open because it was not folded in just the right way, because the operator didn't pull the release ring when he should have—or because the huge silken bag just didn't catch the air right and spread right.

This parachute is really two 'chutes—a big one to lower the flier gently to earth and a little "pilot chute" to open the big bag quickly and completely. The photograph shows the pilot chute open and holding the folds of the big 'chute away from the jumper so that he can't get tangled in its fabric and cords.

Quite as remarkable as this feature of the photograph is the manner in which Lieut. Reece left the plane. Instead of jumping off feet-first, as many parachute jumpers do, he stood on one wing of the plane and made a headlong dive toward the ground, 3,000 feet below him. He dropped like a shot for nearly 300 feet before his 'chute ballooned and brought him right-side up with a sudden jerk from which he was protected by a special harness designed to ease the strain on his body.

The Australian dare-devil smilingly denies that his dives into space demand extraordinary courage, or that they involve any great danger to him.

"It's the first jump that takes nerve," he says. "After that it's not much more thrilling or dangerous than diving overboard off a wharf, 10 feet above the water. Parachutes are practically fool-proof today and this type of parachute hasn't got one chance in a thousand of failing to open."

He went on to explain that most of the parachute fatalities have been caused because the jumper, due to nervousness, pulled the rip-cord which opens the chute before he was clear of the plane and thus got tangled in the 'chute and its web of strings.

"With a parachute of this type," says Lieut. Reece, "the pilot 'chute automatically pulls the big bag out and away from the operator and makes it balloon at just the right time. It's almost impossible, even for a novice, to foul this aerial life preserver."

The inventor of the parachute made more than 100 jumps with the device, without a single mishap. Crack jumpers of the Royal Air Force put the invention through long and rigorous tests and because of the success of these tests, the 'chute has been made standard equipment for Britain's army and navy fliers.

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Did The Saviour Ever Laugh?

Dean Inge, Distinguished British Clergyman, Declares That Christ Was Not a Gloomy Individual But That a Careful Reading of the Gospels Shows Traces of Geniality, Irony and Humor, and That the Man of Sorrows "Laughed Frequently"

The Episode of St. Peter's Attempt to Walk on the Sea Brought Forth the Saviour's Words Chiding Him for Lack of Faith.

The Marriage Feast at Cana, Where the Saviour Used His Divine Power and Performed a Miracle So the Wedding Feast Should Not Be Lacking in a Plentiful Supply of Good Wine. From the Painting by Gerard David.

Perhaps the Earliest Representation of Christ. The Sculptured Head Found in the Ruins of a Christian Church at Jerash, Palestine, and Dating Probably to the Second Century, A. D.

LONDON, April 7.

IN a Holy Week sermon the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, remarked:

"I am convinced that Christ laughed, and laughed frequently. In the study of the Gospels we cannot miss traces of geniality, humor and irony which would probably be more prominent if Christ had had a Boswell to write His life."

Thus this distinguished Church of England clergyman pointed out what has been overlooked by most theologians and Bible students. Preachers and painters down through the centuries have spoken of and portrayed the Saviour as a "Man of Sorrows." From His boyhood in His father's carpenter shop in Nazareth, through all the episodes of His life and ministry, the old masters and modern painters have customarily shown a countenance of sadness or austerity.

But, as Dean Inge remarks, it is possible to see in a study of the Gospels that there was a more genial side to the Saviour. And why this more human side has not been more clearly recorded becomes plain when it is realized how slender are the threads upon which hang the words and the acts of the Saviour as now recorded in the Scriptures.

What has come down to modern man as the consecutive narratives of the Saviour's life and sayings and ministry, are told by St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John, the four Evangelists. St. Matthew composed in the Hebrew dialect some sort of collection of the Saviour's sayings and discourses—but the original of this has been *lost*.

St. Mark's Gospel records a narrative of the Saviour's life and ministry —but St. Mark probably never saw the Saviour and never heard any words fall from His lips. Mark wrote down what Peter told him. Peter was a fisherman, and there is no evidence that he could read or write. St. Luke was not an eye-witness of any of the events he records. It is agreed by the Bible authorities that he never saw the Saviour and probably did not embrace Christianity until after Christ's death, when he may have been converted by St. Paul.

St. John was, like St. Peter, a fisherman, but he was a relative of Jesus. The Gospel of St. John, the Bible scholars fairly well agree, was written or dictated from 67 to 77 years after the Saviour's death, when John was a very old man and his memory perhaps not at its best.

But it is not the original story which St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew and was lost to posterity, nor was it the original of whatever Mark or Luke or John wrote or dictated, that is in the modern Bible.

The New Testament Gospels are translations from Greek parchments. But these Greek originals were not written while the Saviour was alive, nor even when any of the Apostles or anybody who had known the Saviour was still living. The oldest Greek manuscript from which the modern Bible Gospels have come was written about 350 years after Christ was born. And, indeed, even this Greek manuscript is a copy of some earlier manuscript, long since lost, which may have been Greek or Latin or Coptic or Syriac. There is not a single manuscript in existence which dates back to the time of the Saviour or the four Apostles, and the four Gospels of the Bible have come from copies of manuscripts translated from one language into another.

As a Bible scholar, Dean Inge bears all this in mind, and he realizes that the true atmosphere and much of the real personality of the Saviour have been lost through these unfortunate circumstances. But the distinguished theologian, applying his own intuition, reasoning and common sense, reads into many of the Saviour's acts the surrounding circumstances from which he draws his conclusions.

Dean Inge states that a student of the Gospels "cannot miss traces of geniality." And the narrative of the Saviour's providing of wine at the wedding feast reveals an unmistakable evidence of geniality. It was a marriage in Cana in the Galilee district, that Jesus and His mother decided to attend along with His disciples. During the dinner His mother called attention to the fact that there was no more wine for the guests.

The Saviour noticed that there were six water-pots of stone, and He said to the servants:

"Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And He saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bear it.

"When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew;) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,

"And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

According to St. John, it would seem that this was the first time the Saviour performed a miracle. It has been remarked that Christ used his miraculous power sparingly, and usually for some important service like raising the dead, healing a leper or driving the evil spirits out of the insane.

It is pointed out that the Saviour must have regarded the lack of wine, so important and customary at a Hebrew wedding, as a serious misfortune. It was indeed of such consequence to the happiness of the bride and groom, the relatives and the assembled guests, that the success of the wedding feast depended on it. To have sympathized with His friends and fellow guests to such an extent that He made use of His miraculous powers to remedy this social misfortune, is pointed to as the highest evidence of the Saviour's geniality and His recognition of the importance of good cheer, even if it required a miracle to assure it on this occasion.

The Saviour had not only provided wine, but He had seen to it that the wine was so notably excellent that it instantly attracted the attention of the master of the feast. Is it not possible that the Saviour may have smiled and perhaps laughed as He heard the master of the feast compliment the bridegroom on his excellent taste and generous provision, knowing as He did the true facts of what had happened?

The episode related by St. Matthew (Chapter XIV) of Jesus walking on the sea is also noted as perhaps an instance where He must have found no little humor in the situation. As related by St. Matthew this is what occurred:

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

"And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

"But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

"And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

"And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

When the Disciples Officiously Reproved the Women for Bringing Their Children to the Master, He Said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

The Very Reverend Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Since the Saviour, through His divine power, knew in advance what was going to happen, He must have known the outcome of Peter's efforts to walk upon the water. He knew His disciple would be curious to see whether he, too, could perform the miracle and He knew also that Peter's faith would be shaken as his feet touched the waves and that the humorous situation of the frightened disciple sinking from lack of faith was about to happen. Is it unlikely that the humor of this situation failed to appeal to the Saviour and, while He chided him for his lack of faith, at the same time He was amused at the situation?

On many occasions efforts were made to entrap the Saviour into making statements or answering questions with words that might involve trouble with the authorities. Such an occasion is recorded in St. Matthew, Chapter XXII, when a group of hostile inquisitors approached Him, saying:

"Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?

"But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?

"Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny.

"And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription?

"They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

As the inquisitors turned away discomfited is it not possible that the Saviour smiled at their discomfiture?

Again an effort was made to embarass and discredit the Saviour as narrated by St. Matthew, Chapter IX:

"And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples.

"And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto his disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

"But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

"But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Here again the picture of defeat and dismay on the faces of the Pharisees may well have drawn a smile to the Saviour's countenance as He held up His own example of democracy and service before them.

The method by which Jesus dealt with the rich young man who came to ask Him, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" indicates that He must have purposely led him to the point which broke his determination to insure his future life. Knowing in advance, as the Saviour must have known, exactly what the dialogue would be, He first allows the young man to express with pride the fact that he had observed all the commandments from his youth.

And then it was that Jesus said to him: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up thy cross and follow me."

In this instance the Saviour was in solemn earnest and when the rich young man went away sadly there is no reason to suppose Christ regarded him with anything but sorrow. And He then took the occasion to impress the lesson on His disciples by remarking, "How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

There is irony in the Saviour's parable of the talents—the rich man who was going on a far journey and distributed gold pieces among his servants. Upon his return the master called for a reckoning, and all had done well except the one who hid the money in the earth and whined that he was afraid to invest it because his master was "an hard man."

"Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed," the master replied. "Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury," and he ordered the talent taken from this servant and given to the one who had made the best investment.

The Saviour had the gift of making epigrams, and some of them were certainly tinged with humor. Thus when he said to the fishermen, Simon and Andrew, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," he certainly realized, and his hearers recognized, that this was intentional *humor*. So, too, His words "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel," and "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and "neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel," and "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," reflect a sense of humor.

But nothing in all the recorded words and acts of the Saviour more clearly shows the tenderness and humanness of the Saviour than the episode of the children. St. Mark (Chapter 10) relates:

"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

And it is in depicting this incident that the painters have shown the Saviour's countenance more genial than the customary portrayal of the "Man of Sorrows."

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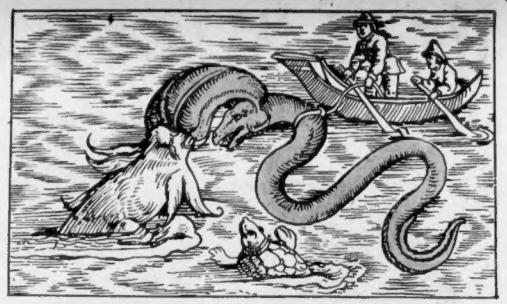
Scientific Fish-Stories

A Distinguished English Scientist Tells of Fish Crooners and Drummers, Fish That Flash on Tail Lights Like an Automobile, Fish Partnerships With a Queer Sea-Creature, and Other Facts More Remarkable Than Fishermen's Most Fanciful Yarns



An Old Wood-cut Showing Men Fishing With a Remora. The Sucking-disc on the Top of the Head Is Pictured as a Hood Which Has Clutched a Fish. The Remora, of Course, Never Grew So Large as the Picture Represents.

FISH have voices, even if they can't sing their scales. Fish language consists of a large variety of sounds—humming, grunts, hisses, growls, snorts, purrs, whistles, drummings and noises more melodious. The waters even have their Rudy Vallees, crooning fish that haunt the Mediterranean Sea, and it is not improbable that the Greek myth of the song of the Sirens, wicked ladies who lured sailors to destruction by their singing, arose from the sounds made by shoals of these fishes. The taps and rolls of the drum-fish are quite loud enough to be audible to a person standing on the deck of a ship. It has been demonstrated that they can be heard when the fish is about fifty-nine feet under water and the listener six feet above the water.

While fish talk is commonly produced through the throat by muscular manipulation of the air bladder, many fishes express themselves by stridulation, that is to say, by the rubbing or friction of one surface against another, like crickets and grasshoppers. The Horse-mackerel, the Sunfish and some kinds of Trigger-fish produce harsh sounds by grating their teeth together. The "drumming" trigger-fish carries a drum-head back of one of his fins. Directly under the drum-head is a portion of the air-bladder. When he wants to talk he beats on this drum-head with the fin. He has quite a repertoire of rhythms.

The Tail of the Butterfly-fish Whose Natural Markings by an Extraordinary Coincidence Imitated the Old Arabic for "There Is No God but Allah" and "A Warning From Allah." Above It Is the Actual Arabic for the Phrases. (From Professor Norman's "A History of Fishes.")

There is a low type of crook who sends out a decoy, sometimes an attractive girl and sometimes someone else, to lure a gullible victim to a house where the visitor is robbed and often murdered. Precisely this arrangement exists down among the coral reefs of Thursday Island, between New Guinea and Australia. The villain is a big sea-anemone, a creature which looks like a beautiful flower, but is really a vicious predatory animal. And the decoy is a little brilliantly colored fish. The anemone measures about two feet across and its top looks like a great cup. Around the lip of the cup are numerous tentacles on the ends of which are stinging-cells which paralyze anything they touch. The inside of the cup is really the anemone's stomach. The tentacles grip the creature they have paralyzed and drop it into the cup. The walls contract, digestive juices flow and thus the creature is eaten. The sea-anemone can move, but slowly.

Obviously it must have fat times and lean times, times when an unsuspecting fish comes in range of the tentacles, and long times of waiting when nothing happens by.

The decoy fish is bright-colored, with three white cross bands, strikingly conspicuous and a favorite dainty of other fishes. It lives habitually inside one of the anemones, which either never touches it with its tentacles, or, if it does, it "pulls its punch"—at any rate, the fish is not harmed. Issuing forth from the anemone, which is not so highly colored, it attracts the attention of some other fish and when chased plunges back into the interior of the anemone. This brings the pursuer within reach of the tentacles with their deadly stinging cells. It is promptly paralyzed and engulfed and the partners in crime share the spoils. The fish is unharmed by the digestive juices.

The decoy has a singularly appropriate name—it is called the Damsel-fish. How and when this astonishing partnership was formed science cannot even guess.

How the Butterfly-fish Fools Its Hungry Pursuers.

Some varieties of tropical fishes carry their own cosmetics just inside the scaly skin and are able to change their coloring to blend with at least six different kinds of surroundings so their enemies cannot see them. Some of the Butterfly-fishes have the head crossed by a dark band, often bordered with white or blue, while at the hinder end of the body are two round spots ringed with white or yellow and appearing like eyes. They have the habit of swimming short distances very slowly, tail first. But if frightened they will dart off with great rapidity, head first. Apparently the purpose of the curious pattern is to make an enemy fish regard the tail end as the head end, and the Butterfly-fish is thus able to save itself by going in the direction least expected by its aggressor.

There is a Butterfly-fish whose tail-fin is marked by a series of narrow, curved white stripes. On one of these which made its appearance in the fish-market at Zanzibar, the markings on the fin bore a remarkable resemblance to old Arabic characters, reading on one half of the tail "Lailhaha Illahah" (There is no God but Allah) and on the other half "Shani-Allah" (A warning sent from Allah) This caused considerable excitement among the devout Mohammedans and eventually it was sold for five thousand rupees. That was roughly $2,000, which is real wealth in Zanzibar.

For the benefit of doubters, Prof. J. R. Norman, of the Department of Zoology, British Museum, sends a picture of this miraculous fish tail in his book, "A History of Fishes," from which the foregoing interesting facts are taken as well as others that follow. Prof Norman's book contains more scientific fish stories more remarkable than the anglers' yarns which have made "fish-story" a synonym for a whopping big lie. It was recently published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., London.

Professor Norman does not believe, of course, that the Butterfly-fish has reasoned it out that his enemies mistake him as coming when he is going. But he admits that science is puzzled to account for some actions of fish that seem to be dictated by reason. For example, the Slender File-fish feeds among clumps of eel-grass. When it is disturbed, or wants to be inconspicuous, it stands on its nose with fine gently waving. The tapering form of its body together with the undulating fins and its mottled green color then give it a remarkable resemblance to a clump of the grass. How does the File-fish know that?

The most gaily colored fish comes from the Great Barrier Reef of Australia and looks like an artist's palette. He and his wife dress so differently, however, that for a long time they were thought to be different species. These are called Trunk-fishes. Papa fish is grass green on the sides and back and lemon yellow on the belly; his sides and head are striped by broken bands of brilliant ultramarine blue, the edges of which are picked out in chocolate brown. These blue bands go down to the tail-fin where they become loops. The yellow belly is variegated by pale blue lines and the tailfin is orange. Mama fish is dove-colored, flushing with pink, has a pure yellow belly and banded with reddish-brown stripes that become curious spiral patterns on her fins. One would think that these fish would be so conspicuous as to be prey to every cannibal swimmer around them. They are not. They blend so perfectly with the brilliant colors of coral, shells, "sea-flowers" and so on that they are practically invisible when at rest. But imagine with what doubt such a description would be greeted if a fisherman told the average man he'd caught such a creature.

The species called Flat-fishes (Heterosomata) are colored on one side only, the right side in some kinds, in others the left. The Arabs have a legend to account for this. They say that Moses was once cooking a Flat-fish, and that when this had been broiled until it was brown on one side the oil gave out. This so annoyed Moses that he threw the fish into the sea, when, although half-cooked, it promptly came to life again, and its descendants have preserved this curious arrangement of color ever since.

One colored fish, the Red Mullet, becomes most brilliant just before death. This was unfortunate for it, because the old Romans discovered its habit, and at their feasts these fish were brought alive in glass vessels so that the guests might enjoy the kaleidoscopic display of colors during their death struggles. They were so esteemed for their vivid hues and fine flavor that at the height of the Roman Empire large sums were paid for particularly good specimens. The gossipy historian Suetonius mentions three for which an equivalent of $750 was paid, just to see them die. One Red Mullet in the reign of the Emperor Claudius fetched more than $150.

The largest fish is the Whale shark, which grows to fifty feet. The smallest fish is a Goby, found only in one of the lakes of Luzon in the Philippines. Fully mature individuals measure only half an inch in total length. It is the smallest known vertebrate, or creature having a backbone. Nobody really knows which is the longest-lived fish, although there is a story still believed by many that a Pike at least 267 years old was caught in Swabia in the year 1497. It had a ring in one gill on which was written that it had been placed in the lake by the Emperor Frederick II in 1230. Its length was nineteen feet over all, and its skeleton was preserved in the Cathedral at Mannheim. But not long ago a German anatomist decided to have a look at it. He found just four times as many vertebrae in its backbone as there ought to be. In other words, the skeleton had been lengthened to fit the story. Yet thousands of people had gaped at the exhibit for centuries without ever having discovered that simple fact. He concluded that its years had been equally stretched.

The shortest-lived fish is known, however. It is the Transparent or White Goby, which lives only a single year—the only "annual vertebrate," says Professor Norman, "ever recorded."

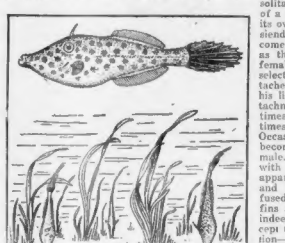
There are Catfish in the Nile and other African rivers which swim upside down, an attitude taken by no other fish unless it be sick or dead. It must have been doing this for a long while, because the ancient Egyptians frequently depicted it in their sculptures and wall-paintings, but why it does it, science hasn't the faintest. There is another fish, the little Shrimp-fishes or Needle-fishes, in the Indian Ocean, that swim "standing up" on their tails.

Nobody knows who holds the record for fast-swimming in the fish world, but it is probably the Swordfish. Professor Norman quotes a Professor Owen who, called upon to testify in a British court as to the power of the Swordfish, stated that it "strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-headed hammers (size not given); its velocity is equal to that of a swivel shot, and it is as dangerous in its effects as an artillery projectile."

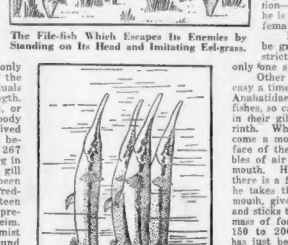
While courtship among fishes seems quite casual, it is not always so. There is a species of Angler-fishes which inhabit the mid-waters of the oceans in which, writes Professor Norman, "the relationship among the sexes is unique among fishes and, indeed, among all vertebrates."

Among these fishes the female is matron, maid-of-all-work, general provider and everything else. There is no divorce except by death, and the male has no chance whatever to do any philandering.

"The discovery of these relations," writes Professor Norman, "was made only two or three years ago, and provides one of the startling biological effects of the present century. All the large, free-swimming individuals that have been captured have proved to be females, and it has been shown that the males are dwarfs and spend the greater part of their lives as parasites upon the females. A fish taken near Iceland was forty inches in length, and the attached male was about four inches, the one, therefore, being one thousand times the size of the other. Another female measured no more than about two and a half inches, and had a tiny male, two-fifths of an inch in length, attached to the top of her head above the right eye. This remarkable relationship seems to have been evolved through the habits and conditions of life of the fishes. Living as they do in the comparative darkness of the middle layers of the oceans, sluggish in their movements and solitary in their habits, the chance of a mature fish finding a mate of its own species might be somewhat slender. This difficulty is overcome by the males, almost as soon as they are hatched, seeking the females and each holding on to his selected mate, and remaining attached to her body for the rest of his life. The site selected for attachment is quite haphazard, sometimes being on the abdomen, sometimes on the sides or on the head. Occasionally more than one male becomes attached to a single female. Having gripped the female with his mouth, the lips and tongue apparently unite with her skin, and the two become completely fused. The mouth, jaws, teeth, fins and gills of the tiny male—indeed, almost all the organs except those connected with reproduction—degenerate, and thereafter he is nourished by the blood of the female."



The File-fish Which Escapes Its Enemies by Standing on Its Head and Imitating Eel-grass.



The Little Shrimp-fishes Which Swim Upright.

Many higher vertebrates will be grateful that Nature has restricted this form of marriage to only one species.

Other fish husbands do not have so easy a time. There is, for example, Mr. Anabatidae, one of the Labyrinthic fishes, so called because the air passages in their gills look like a maze or labyrinth. When his mate is about to become a mother, he goes up to the surface of the water and blows little bubbles of slimy mucous from his mouth. He does this for hours until there is a floating mass of foam. Then he takes the eggs one by one in his mouth, gives them a coating of mucous and sticks them on the under side of the mass of foam. Usually there are from 150 to 200 eggs. His job, however, has just begun. He now has to watch the nest and drive away other fish, including the eggs' mother who is now averse to eating them, if permitted. He gets no sleep.

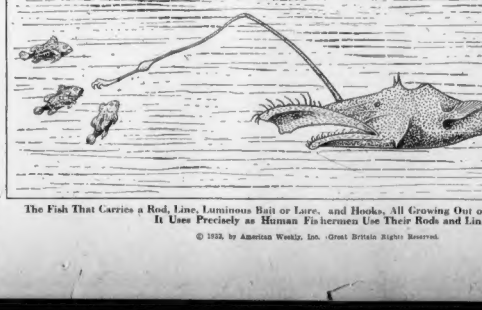
When the eggs hatch out into larvae, they stick fast to the nest for several days. If any prematurely get loose, as many do, faithful father catches them and sticks them back. Only when they have developed and drop off normally is his job ended, and he can take a rest.

The Remoras, or sucking-fishes, have a disc on top of their heads which allows them to fasten themselves on other fish. They are the hoboes and hitch-hikers of the world-wide water-world. They attach themselves to sharks, whales, porpoises, turtles and occasionally to ships. In this way they are not only protected from their enemies, but are carried without effort to fresh feeding grounds. When among a shoal of fish they detach themselves and swim actively in pursuit of prey. When they are full they attach themselves to another fish-automobile and ride off.

The Fish Which Carries Her Little Husband Around With Her All Their Lives. He Can Be Seen Just Beside Her Eye. (Pictures From "A History of Fishes.")

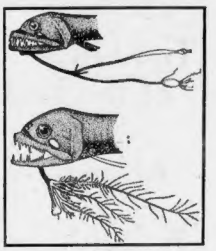
It is also regarded as an able dentist by certain other fish. It enters the mouths or gill-cavities of large fishes such as the Swordfish, Sailfish and Sunfish, and cleans their teeth and head orifices of accumulations which might otherwise give its patient trouble. In some countries the Remora is used to catch other fish. It is tied to a long line and allowed to swim. Thinking to get away, it attaches itself to any passing fish, and then both fish are pulled in together.

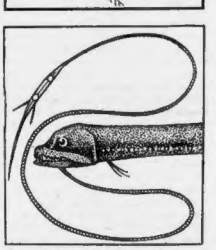
There is an extremely ancient legend, writes Professor Norman, that the Shark-sucker Remora is able to attach itself to a ship and impede the progress of sailing vessels or even stop them. Pliny, the old Roman historian, says that the death of the Emperor Caligula was due to his great galley being held up by a gigantic Remora while the remainder of the fleet escaped. But these are not scientific fish-stories. They aren't true. The method of Indians fishing for turtles with the Remora was witnessed by Christopher Columbus and described by his son Ferdinand.



The Fish That Carries a Rod, Line, Luminous Bait or Lure, and Hooks, All Growing Out of Its Own Body, and Which It Uses Precisely as Human Fishermen Use Their Rods and Lines.

While the fact that some fishes carry around electric batteries is fairly generally known, it is a new discovery that at least one species has to have a "brain-storm" to deliver its shock. This is the Torpedo, or Electric Ray. The Electric Ray looks like the common Skate, but grows to a length of three feet. The Electric Ray can't store enough electricity to kill a man, but he can knock one down if stepped on. The Electric Eel, which grows six or eight feet long, can knock out a mule and sometimes kill a man. The force they generate is pure electricity. The Torpedo's batteries are two, lying on each side of the disc-like body between the head and pectoral fins. They are made up of a number of upright six-sided tubes separated by walls of fibrous tissue. Each column is filled with a clear, jelly-like substance, and they are divided by their partitions into a number of small compartments, each of which contains a flat electric plate. The power of the shock seems to depend upon the number of these plates and on the size and condition of the fish. On each side of every plate is a cluster of fine nerve tendrils, which unite and join the main nerve supplying the whole organ, precisely like an electric light cable. This is, in turn, directly connected with the brain. When fear, anger or other emotions excite the Torpedo, its brain shoots a message down the nerve cable and discharges the electricity.





Fishes With Queer Protuberances Growing From Their Underjaws and Which Are Supposed to Be Delicate Organs of Touch Which Make Up for Their Defective Eyes.

In ancient times the Torpedo was regarded as a cure for chronic headaches, rheumatism and gout. It was cut into plasters. An old recipe is that "the brains of the Torpedo applied with alum on the sixteenth day of the moon is a remedy for superfluous hair."

The angler who thinks his rod and line, bait or lure and hook were invented by man is all wrong. There is a fisherman-fish that catches other fish by exactly the same kind of apparatus—only it all grows out of the fish's own body. This fish is named, scientifically, Lasiognathus Saccostoma, and belongs to the species called Ceratioids, oceanic angler-fishes spending their lives generally in a region of more or less total darkness. This peculiar specimen has a stout rod thrusting out from the top of its snout. This turns into a slender line which is provided not only with a luminous bulb which acts like the lure of the human angler—a fly, artificial minnow and so on—but has as well a series of curved horny hooks. The fish can whip its living rod around precisely as the human angler whips his. It can turn on and off the light in the bulb at will, using it as a lamp to attract other fish. When they come close the fisherman-fish yanks up the hooks, catches its prey, draws it up to its mouth and devours it. This peculiar fish is about three inches long. Only the females fish. The male, a tenth her size, just hangs on to her, and she feeds him.

Fish That Flash Warnings And Hear With Their Beards.

There are other fish which use luminous bulbs for bait, but these also have other purposes. For one, they may have something to do with the fish's sense of touch. While fish can make sounds it is doubtful whether they hear them —that is, as sounds. They do perceive them as vibrations, however. There are certain fishes which grow beards of astonishing shapes, in appearance like bushes. These beards are sometimes as big as the fish itself. Sprinkled around among them, like lights on a Christmas tree, are luminous bulbs. These beard-like organs are believed to be able to register the approach of other fishes, warning their owners of approaching food, or danger, and taking the place of eyes, for in such fishes the vision is weak. One of these creatures carries around a lariat twice its own length. It whips this around not to lassoo anything living, but to catch vibrations.

When a dark automobile running in front of another suddenly flashes out its tail light, the impulse of the driver behind is to stop. Certain fish have "tail-lights" for this very purpose. A fish called the Grenadier can emit quite a dazzling flash from between its pelvic fins. It seems probable that this sudden beam of light would tend to confuse a pursuer and cover the retreat of the pursued in the same way as does the ink-cloud emitted by the cuttle-fish.

Do fishes feel pain when the hook catches them? Professor Norman thinks not. He points out that Trout or Pike whose mouths have been torn by a hook but which have succeeded in getting away, have returned and taken a tempting bait almost immediately afterward. He gives a distressing incident of a Perch which had its eye torn out by a hook, rushed at the hook again, and was caught by its own eye as bait. But maybe it only wanted to get its eye back. The Greenland Shark, however, when feeding on the carcass of a whale, allows itself to be stabbed repeatedly in the head without abandoning its prey. There are other instances of apparent insensibility. So the tender-hearted need not sorrow too much about the sufferings of the hooked.

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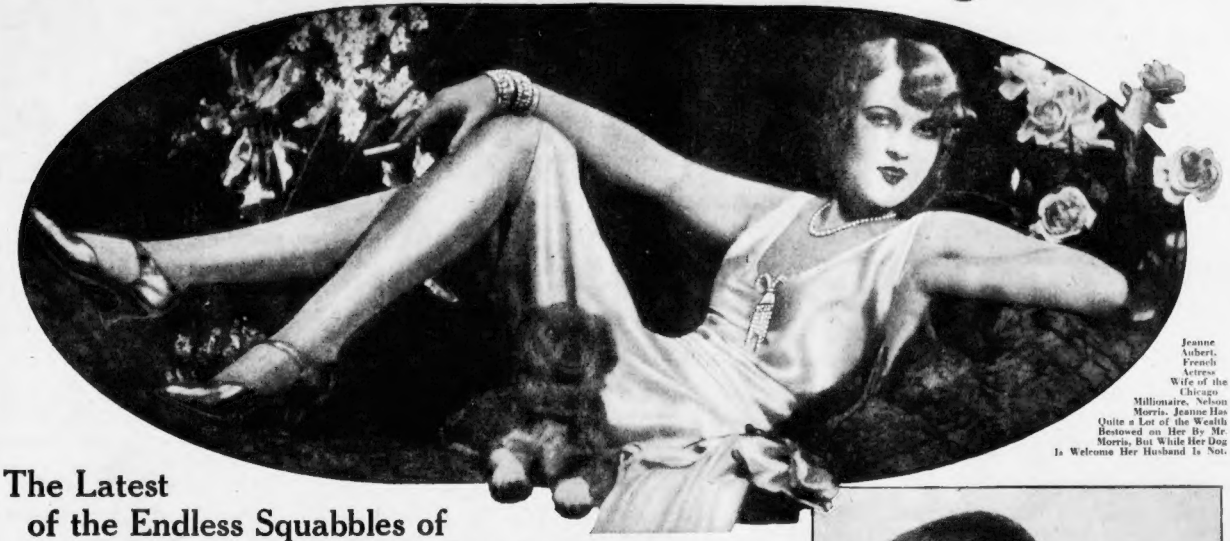
Who Is To Pay for Jeanne's Two Big Pearls?



Jeanne Aubert, French Actress Wife of the Chicago Millionaire, Nelson Morris. Jeanne Has Quite a Lot of the Wealth Bestowed on Her By Mr Morris, But While Her Dog Is Welcome Her Husband Is Not.

The Latest of the Endless Squabbles of Rich Nelson Morris and His Pretty French Actress Wife Who Doesn't Love Him Any More

Photo de Bakon

Interesting Back View of Jeanne, Showing Draperies of Many Pearls. The Present and Newest Dispute in the Courts Has to Do With Two Big Pearls, But They Are Not Shown in This Display.

"WHAT a nice way to begin the day!" cooed lovely Jeanne Aubert, French musical comedy star.

Actresses, especially stars, are usually a bit sallow and peevish around breakfast time, if they get up that early. But this August morning, in Paris, three years ago, Mlle. Aubert's eyes glistened and she beamed her sweetest on her own husband, Nelson Morris, the multi-millionaire Chicago meat packer, and no wonder, for he had handed her a check for one million francs. If he had started every day that way, perhaps they would still be living happily together.

The lady, being clothed and in her right mind, took the money, thanked her husband and kissed him. There is no dispute about that much of what happened on that golden August morning. But just what words did the husband use in his presentation speech as he parted with this liberal helping from his bank account, and what did the wife say as her soft white fingers closed over the precious piece of paper?

That is a question which the Supreme Court of New York will have to decide, because upon it depends who must pay Lebolt & Co., international jewelers, for a pair of large beautiful pearls now in the possession of Mlle. Aubert. The Mademoiselle remembers the incident distinctly. It was not the first time that this husband had handed her a million francs at a clip, but she has an excellent memory and can recall all the incidents surrounding that generous gesture that morning in Paris.

She states that Mr. Morris made a few appreciative remarks about her beauty, charm and sweetness, said that this was a small token of his respect and affection and that was all. No strings were tied to that check—positively not! Mlle. Aubert never allows anyone to give her anything with conditions. That would be too much like a welfare worker telling a poor family that the money must not be spent for liquor.

But the jewelry concern says that it will prove that there was just one string attached to the check and in it they are very much interested. They assert that when Mr. Morris placed the million francs in his wife's willing hand, he told her that out of it she was to pay for those two big pearls she had been clamoring for. Furthermore, they maintain that the actress agreed.

At the current rate of exchange that million francs was worth about $40,000 in Mr. Morris's native Chicago dollars. As the pair of pearls only cost the equivalent of $10,273 in francs, the lovely Jeanne could have bought and paid for the trinkets and still had nearly $30,000 to put in the bank or blow on something else.

Anyway, whether she promised to buy the pearls at that time or not, she soon did so except for the little detail of paying for them. Mrs. Morris says that she did not pay for them because that was her husband's business, to pay her bills—that is what husbands are for.

The next August, in New York, the jewelers began the day all wrong for Mlle. Jeanne by suing her for the price of those pearls. They had grown weary of waiting for their money and asked both Mr. and Mrs. Morris for it. Mrs. Morris said, "See my husband." Mr. Morris said, "See my wife. I have paid for those gewgaws once already."

Meanwhile there had been trouble in the Morris family and those million-franc checks had ceased. In the legal scuffle that soon began Mrs. Morris drew first blood by having her husband banished from the chateau which he had bought for them to live in. But Mr. Morris countered with a terrific blow that was almost a knockout. His lawyers contrived to have the actress wife banished from the French stage. Of course no French woman is happy long away from her dear Paris, and the unfortunate woman has been forced to act in such "uncouth countries" as England and the United States.

As Jeanne had come to New York, the jewelers followed her here with their law suit. They attached an automobile, bank account and other property of the actress, but before the case came up for trial, they moved to change the form of their complaint which, up to that time, had been merely the simple one of suing a customer for goods received, but not paid for. But they were afraid it might be hard to disprove Mrs. Morris's statement that she had bought the pearls on her husband's order and, therefore, as his agent.

Benjamin Liebowitz, of Becker and Liebowitz, New York lawyers, dug up a case 75 years old, Lawrence vs. Fox. This was a strictly business matter and not a case of husband vs. wife. In it the court enforced a promise which one person had made to a second person not for the benefit of either one of them, but for the benefit of a third person. The plaintiff's lawyer thought that the principle ought to apply to a wife and actress when she promised her husband to use the money to buy pearls, just as much as if all three parties were serious-minded business men.

When the jewelers asked to amend their complaint in such a way as to base it on that ancient case, Mlle. Aubert's lawyers fought it. Judge Wasservogel, of the New York Supreme Court, ruled that the complaint could be so amended and on appeal the Appellate Division sustained the ruling.

Now all the jewelers need do is prove that their beauteous customer's memory is at fault and that when she clutched that million-franc check it was with the understanding that $10,273 of it was to go into their pockets for those two pearls. But how are they going to do that? Certainly beautiful Jeanne isn't going to admit it. Can it be that some of the servants listened to the conversation, or is it that the meat magnate himself has agreed to take the stand and repeat whatever words and music went with that "song and dance" of handing over a million francs?

The actress had the bright idea of handing back the pearls themselves as security in place of the car, bank account and other property that had been attached, much to her annoyance. The jewelers did not care for that suggestion. They do not want their pearls back; they want in cash the price they were sold for in 1929, before the crash, which in no way resembles what they may be worth now.

Mr. Morris says that when he married the musical comedy star more than three years ago, she promised to give up the stage and devote the rest of her life to being his wife, just his, nobody else's. Things went on happily enough on that basis the first year during which she acquired besides that million franc check, many others and furs, jewels, cars and a chateau at Le Vesinet, outside of Paris.

Besides all this her life had been a grand triumphal social tour in which the wealthy Chicagoan exhibited his stunning wife at Palm Beach, New York and Chicago, where, as a fit setting for her loveliness and the social position he wanted her to have, Mr. Morris opened up the Francis Nelson mansion on Drexel Boulevard.

All this was costing Mr. Morris plenty of money, but he had plenty, and it made him happy to shower it on his charming bride. The meat packer assumed it must be making her happy for he had given up all business just to wait on her by inches and give her everything she wanted. During that year he knew that she had accumulated more than she could probably hope to save in a lifetime from her salary.

What was the husband's surprise and dismay to have his wife on their first anniversary tell him in her sweetest manner that she was about to return to the stage. The husband was unkind enough to remind his wife of her promise. Well, if she had promised she could not have meant it forever, that would be absurd, and even if she had, every woman has the right to change her mind. She had given her husband an entire year exclusively, one of the best years of her life. Now he ought to be reasonable and share her with her beloved public.

Mr. Morris could not see it that way at all. She did not need the money and, therefore, why should she exhibit herself to the public? Also, as a rich young man he had often been backstage in both France and America and did not fancy having a wife of his in that irresponsible free-and-easy theatre life. It was the first time in their married life that he had ever said anything but "yes." He forbade it.

"Forbid? Ha! It is to laugh," said the actress, and presently Mr. Morris saw his wife's name billed as a star of "Good News," a revue about to be produced in Paris. For a husband to forbid his wife to do anything in America would be a joke, sure enough. But in France the Code of Napoleon still regulates marriage and the French husband still retains some shreds of his ancient authority as head of the house. When he served notice on the producer of "Good News" that he had forbidden his wife to appear on any stage and would hold him responsible, Jeanne tried to laugh it off. But the manager was sufficiently worried to make Mrs. Morris put up a lot of jewelry, including the two pearls, to indemnify him against possible damages.

This made Jeanne cross and the real trouble began. She applied to the courts to have her husband ejected from the chateau. It was bought with his money, but that made no difference because it was in her name, and besides it is a general principle of husband and wife that what is his is hers and what is hers is her own. So out he went.

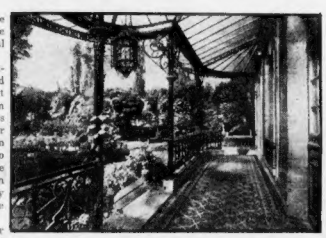
Mr. Morris then asked the court for what was in effect an order restraining his wife from appearing on the stage, and got it. This was a crushing blow. Though the French courts could only bar her from French theatres, that meant divorcing her from her "beloved public," because up to that time it was a French public. Mlle. Aubert had nervous prostration with nurses and specialists. Her husband regretted giving her such a cruel legal stab, but it was the only way to bring her to terms. Soon he thought she would come back to him and he would wipe away her tears with million-franc checks.

But he guessed wrong. If Jeanne could not have her French public she would go and find a new one, in England or America, and that is what she is doing until the courts grant her the divorce which will let her act in France. Of course she could get one in a few weeks at Reno or in a few days by mail order from Mexico, but these would not bring her the alimony without which marriage is a mere romance.

Her suit, brought in France, had to have some sort of grounds, and at first her lawyer could not see that Mr. Morris had done anything except perhaps try to kill her with kindness. Finally she charged him with desertion in that he flew around the world with the Graf Zeppelin, without taking her along or getting her consent.

While this is technical desertion and, therefore, grounds for divorce, the French courts did not seem much impressed and shocked her by reducing her demand for temporary alimony from $2,000 a month to $1,000, and finally to a mere $200.

It will be said for Mlle. Aubert if she has to pay for those two pearls out of her own pocket. But she will have achieved the distinction of having come over to the United States and caused the courts to dig up an old legal ruling which turns out to be of very considerable interest to every husband and wife here. If the jewelers prove that Jeanne's husband told her that the million-franc present was to pay for those two pearls, and it is decided that she should have and now must pay for them—then the law will be made clear that money given by a husband to his wife for a particular purpose must be spent for that purpose.



Mlle. Aubert's Castle in a Suburb of Paris, Which Mr. Morris Presented to Her and Became the Cause of a Legal Dispute.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Morris Before Their Matrimonial Troubles Began.

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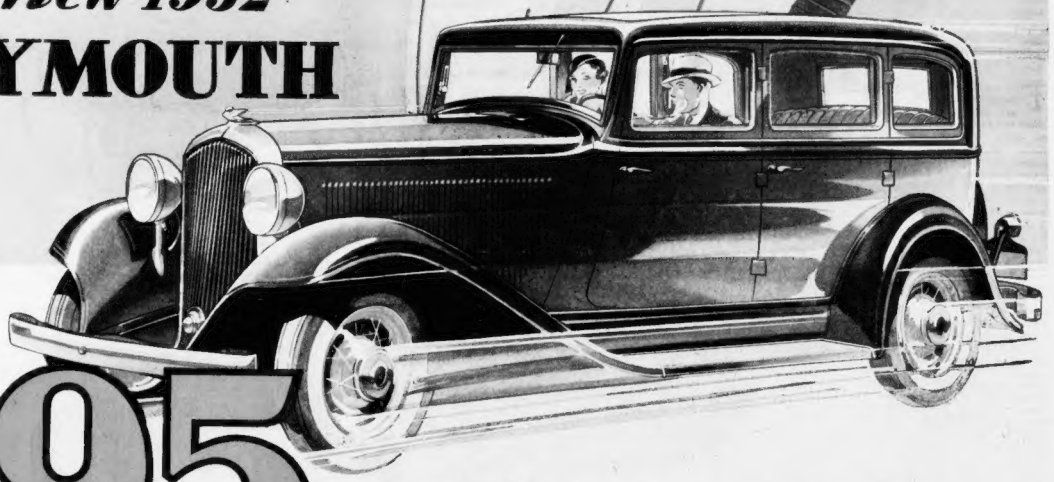

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NEW 1932 PLYMOUTH

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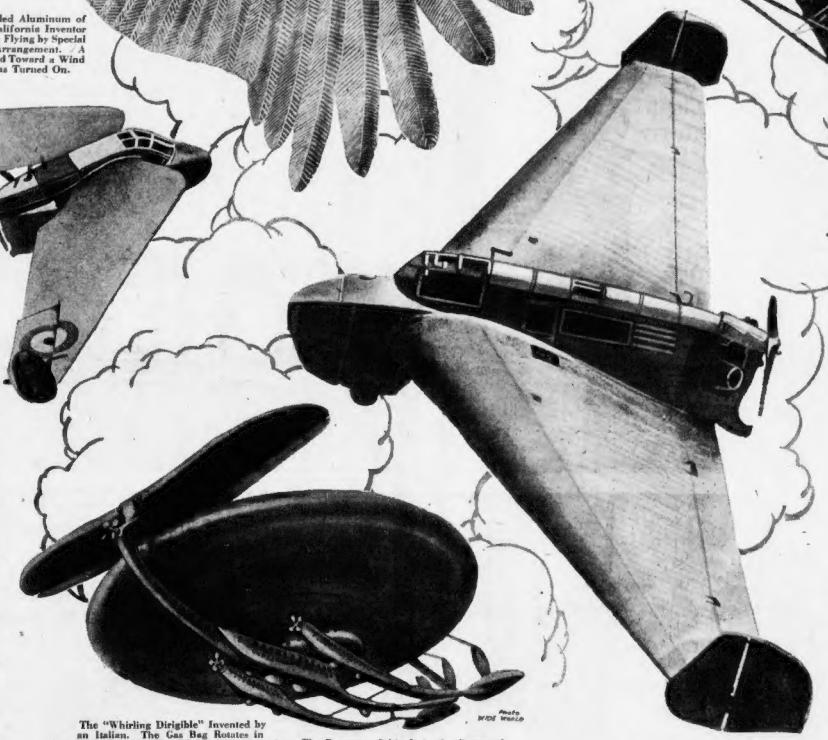
Newest Aeroplanes

Strange Models With Wings Like Prehistoric Flying Dragons But No Tails; Others With Feathered Wings and Bodies; a "Flying Triangle" That Soars With a Small Engine; and a "Whirling Dirigible" With Revolving Gas Bag

An Exact Reproduction in Hand-Tooled Aluminum of a Vulture, Feathers and All. The California Inventor Claims the Bird's Feathers Assist It in Flying by Special Properties of Construction and Arrangement. A Small Model Aeroplane Actually Soared Toward a Wind Machine When the Air Current Was Turned On.

Copyright, Flight, London.
Top View of the "Pterodactyl" Plane in Flight. Remarkable Stability and Safety Are Claimed for This Craft, Which Can Land at a Speed of Fifty Miles an Hour. It Is Powered by a 120-Horsepower De Havilland Gypsy III Engine.



The "Whirling Dirigible" Invented by an Italian. The Gas Bag Rotates in Flight Like the Top Blades of an Autogiro. The Passenger Cabin Is in the Center of the Ground Gear. Three Propellers, One in Front of the Wing and One in Front of Each Landing Runner, Drive the Bizarre Craft.

Courtesy of Aero Digest, N. Y.
The Lippisch "Flying Triangle," One of the Latest German Tailless Aircraft. Although Driven by Only a 28-Horsepower Engine, the Clean Lines and Absence of All Outside Wires and Struts Enabled the Plane to Give a High Performance in Trials. The Propeller Is Mounted Behind the Cabin and Pushes the Machine Forward.

Copyright, Flight, London.
The Strange Looking "Pterodactyl" Tailless Plane, Which Resembles a Flying Reptile of Many Millions of Years Ago. This Is an English-Made Machine With a Top Speed of 110 Miles an Hour. It Carries a Pilot and Two Passengers in the Comfortable Gondola.

THE newest models by the designers of aeroplanes are getting closer and closer to nature's own design—the birds. The new tailless planes resemble a seagull in general outline, and one inventor has completed the illusion by modeling the wings like feathers.

In one respect, man is trying to improve on the bird. While many of the newly designed planes have wings like the outstretched wings of a bird in flight, these models have no tails. Tails, like fuselages, say aeroplane engineers, cause unnecessary weight and offer undesirable air resistance. To make the aeroplane more useful as a commercial craft, both dead weight and atmospheric resistance must be reduced, the former in the interests of a greater "pay-load" and the latter for greater speed and economy in fuel.

In this direction, designers are working on tailless machines of the "Flying Triangle" and "Flying Wing" types. One of these is called the "Pterodactyl" because of its resemblance to fossil remains of the extinct flying reptiles of that name which flourished two or three hundred million years ago. Two Englishmen, Westland and Hill, have made several "Pterodactyl" craft, the newest of which, known as the Westland-Hill "Pterodactyl" Mark IV, is shown on this page.

This very modern tailless flier with the very old name has proved of exceptional stability and safety in a number of trial flights. The cabin seats the pilot and two passengers. A 120-horsepower De Havilland Gipsy III engine furnishes a top speed of 110 miles an hour. The craft lands at 50 miles an hour.

The wings extend backward like an arrowhead or the sides of a broad letter V. The pilot can sweep the wings backward or forward, thus changing the angle of the V to suit different loads and speeds. The wings can be adjusted in flight as well as on the ground.

At the tip of the wings are controllers which serve both as elevators for rising and descending and as ailerons for trimming ship in turning and banking. The back-tilted wings and the controllers, it is claimed, give the "Pterodactyl" exceptional stability at slow speed and effective control in all three directions. It is said to be immune from stalling and spinning. Steering is done by the vertical wing-tip rudders, used separately. Used both at once, they act as powerful brakes in landing.

A somewhat similar tailless craft has been successfully operated by B. I. Tscheranowsky, a Russian. It is called a "parabola" plane because the wings are curved like the arc of a circle instead of meeting at an angle.

Another curious development of the tailless aircraft is the "Flying Triangle." The one pictured here was designed by Alexander Lippisch and made by the Rhon-Rossitten Gesellschaft, one of the foremost aeroplane manufacturing companies in Germany.

Capt. Hermann Kohl, first West-to-East Atlantic flier, was one of the financial backers of the strange craft.

The "Flying Triangle" is 42-feet 6-inches wide in the stern. A two-seated cabin is mounted on top of the wing. The propeller is in the rear, making the craft a "pusher." Absence of all outside wires and struts adds to its beauty and high performance.

A 28-horsepower Bristol Cherub engine drives the Triangle at a cruising speed of 87 miles an hour, with a possible maximum of 97, carrying pilot and one passenger. An altitude exceeding 13,000 feet, or 2½ miles, has been reached.

On the rear of the triangular wing are four flaps, the two inner ones used as elevators in rising and descending, the two outer ones as stabilizing ailerons. The two rudders are on the rear wing tips. Landing gear consists of three small wheels, two in the rear and one in front operated by a steering wheel in the pilot's cabin when the craft is taxied on the ground.

Just as modern birds evolved from the pterodactyls or flying reptiles of a couple of hundred million years ago, perhaps a real bird-plane will be developed from the present airships. J. H. Montgomery, a California inventor, thinks so at any rate, and he is building a full-sized "feathered" plane to prove it.

After studying large birds for 20 years, Montgomery, an engineering graduate of the Colorado School of Mines, became convinced that there was some factor in the feathers of certain birds such as condors, vultures and buzzards, which enabled them to hang suspended motionless in the sky for hours, even in the face of strong winds. He examined the feathers of the big birds and believes he has hit on the secret.

These soaring birds, according to Montgomery, have feathers of unique design. Their construction and relative location collectively function to develop an air action which gives both an upward and forward "thrust"—an action which tends to push the bird along.

The second and probably more important discovery is that the peculiar construction and relative positions of the birds' feathers serve to form little whirlwinds about their bodies, a sort of atmospheric blanket which wards off wind resistance.

To prove the authenticity of his theories, Montgomery killed a vulture, had a taxidermist mount it with wings outspread and smooth its feathers to normal position. Then he placed it before a wind machine. In a moment the dead bird moved slowly and smoothly straight into the air current, soaring against it—not with it. The demonstration was repeated again and again, always with the same result, it is said.

Then a small model plane was built of aluminum, hand-tooled to duplicate in exact design the vulture's body and wings. The little threads in the "feathers" were made to correspond and the miniature was then mounted on two little rubber wheels with a make-believe motor and propeller in the fore. When the wind machine was turned on, it moved forward into the teeth of the "storm," just like the vulture. Then it left the floor and soared.

While the inventor of the new airship does not expect to produce a plane which will actually soar, he believes he has a design which eliminates virtually all wind resistance and will have at least three times the lifting power of any aircraft so far perfected.

It is claimed by Montgomery that present aeroplanes are only about one-third efficient. This, he says, is because the wingtop lift operates on only one-third the wingtop area. Lift improvement he declares to be the greatest need for practical and profitable aviation. With his aluminum feathers, he believes the entire surface of the plane will act as a lifting area, thereby confining the duty of the motors to developing speed unhampered by atmospheric resistance.

A number of attempts have been made to combine the principles of heavier-than-air planes and balloons to obtain the maximum of performance and safety in airships. One of the latest of these hybrids is the "whirling dirigible." This is the creation of Guido Tallei, an Italian inventor.

As the name indicates, the gasbag rotates in flight and acts as a stabilizer just as do the top set of blades on an autogyro. The wing above the balloon has two flaps in the rear which are the elevators for raising or lowering the contrivance. At the rear of the curious landing gear are three rudders. The cabin is in the center, underneath the gas bag. Three small propellers, one in front of the wing and two in front of the two outer landing runners, furnish the motive power. The whirling dirigible, of course, is still in the experimental stage.

Leaving aside such novelties as feathered planes and rotating balloons, aircraft engineers realize that something is wrong with the present-day planes. For commercial purposes, there is too much dead-weight. The "pay-load" is too small for profitable operation, especially over long distances. A second crying need is greater speed without increasing the power plant, which would only add to the dead weight and, of course, still further decrease the pay-load.

Many able aerial engineers have arrived at the conclusion that the tailless plane or flying wing is the only solution of these two problems. Fuselage and tail parts are dead weight and their elimination increases the pay-load capacity. They also are targets for air resistance, cutting down speed.

The ideal flying wing consists only of wing, propeller and the necessary controls for steering. Such machines have been made, with engines, pilot and freight space entirely within the wings, but have not yet proven entirely satisfactory. Very delicate engineering problems of balance, stability and safety in all weathers must first be worked out. Experiments are still going on along these lines, especially in Germany and France.

So far, the most practical modification of the flying wing principle has been attained in such machines as those illustrated on this page, tailless, arrowhead-wing shaped craft, with cabin above the wing or gondola below for motor, pilot and storage. When the wing is made thick enough to house the engines, personnel and freight, eliminating cabin or gondola, new problems in aeronautics arise which have not yet been perfectly worked out.

It may seem surprising that more speed is demanded of commercial air craft because most persons think of aeroplanes as the fastest mode of travel. It is true that stunt planes have been built that make almost incredible speeds—more than 400 miles an hour, nearly seven miles a minute. Private planes of wealthy men, to whom expense is no object, also attain great speed. But for the prosaic work of carrying freight and passengers in competition with railroads and steamships—and making it pay dividends—the commercial plane leaves much to be desired. There is too much dead-weight for high speed. When speed is increased, so is weight and costs, too.

The flying wing both reduces fuel consumption and increases speed by eliminating surplus weight and by presenting less surface to air resistance. Greater speed and more distance can be obtained from a given amount of fuel. For this reason, the flying wing is looked on by many aerial engineers as the ocean carrier of the future. Non-stop ocean flights are still too hazardous for regular service in present-day planes. Hops across the ocean are not commercially profitable because round-about routes mean too much time and fuel.

First, the practical tailless plane, and then the perfection of the true flying wing, with engine, pilot and freight all enclosed in the "habitable wing," is the goal set for themselves by many aerial engineers.

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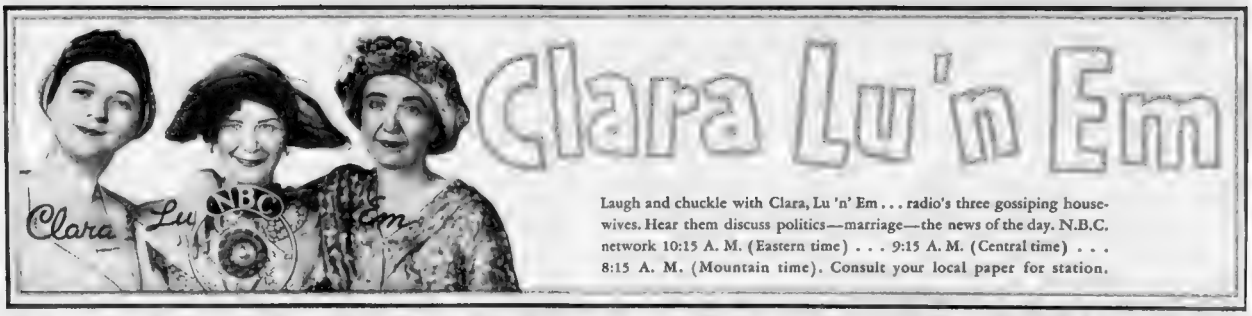
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EM PROVES SHE "KNOWS HER HOUSE-CLEANIN'"

I DECLARE, THE VERY THOUGHT OF HOUSE-CLEANIN' MAKES MY SPINE ROLL UP!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT LET'S DO GIRLS, LET'S DO OUR HOUSECLEANIN' TOGETHER! LET'S DO EM'S FIRST
AND LET'S DO EVERY LAST STITCH OF IT WITH SUPER SUDS

THERE NOW, EVERY LAST DISH ON THOSE TOP SHELVES SPARKLIN' CLEAN!
YES, AND LOOK'IT WHAT SUPER SUDS DONE TO YOUR LIGHT SHADES, EM! EVER SEE 'EM SHINE LIKE THAT?

I DECLARE GIRLS, THIS IS THE EASIEST WINDOW WASHIN' I EVER DONE!
AND LOOK 'IT THESE CURTAINS THAT WAS SO DINGY. DIDN'T SUPER SUDS GET 'EM NEW AND PRETTY LOOKIN'?
Super Suds
AND SEE HOW BEYUTIFUL SUPER SUDS GITS THIS WOOD WORK!

TO THE WOMEN OF THE U.S.OF A., WHO WRITE ASKIN' HOW MUCH SUPER SUDS SHOULD I USE. I SAY USE PLENTY, TO GIT ALL THE SUDS YOU NEED. REMEMBER, SUPER SUDS IS MADE IN LITTLE BEADS AN' DON'T PACK DOWN LIKE FLAKES ER CHIPS, SO WHEN YOU THINK YUR USIN' LOTS OF SUPER SUDS, YOU AINT. USE HALF AGAIN AS MUCH SUPER SUDS. YOUR SUDS'LL BE BETTER AN' YUR SOAP BILLS'LL STILL BE LOTS LOWER.
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NBC
Super Suds

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The New Decolletes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Model From Chanel of Cross-band Effect. Black Crepe Romain, or Crepe Jersey, Is Used for This Gown, Which Depends on the Narrow Scarfs for Its Novelty. It Rises Rather High in Front. The Shoulder Straps Are Knotted in the Back, Leaving a Diamond-shaped Opening Below. A Second Knot at the Waist Is the Starting Point of More Narrow Scarfs Which Run Round the Hips, Cross in Front, and Return to Tie Rather Low on the Skirt.

This Gown Is of White Taffeta, While the Cape, Which Forms the Entire Front of the Bodice, Is of Black Georgette Embroidered in Squares of Little Shiny Silver Spangles. This Cape Is Triangular. Cut Square in Front at the Neck, and Finishes in a Point That Runs Under the Narrow Belt. It Forms Cape Sleeves Over the Arms. In the Back It Surprises One by Stopping Short Behind the Arms to Show a Decollete Back With Crossed Bands of Black Georgette, Which Also Make the Belt. The Skirt Is Bell Shaped and Flared. Model by Lanvin.

A Worth Gown of Armure Silk. Its Surface Is Dull in Accordance With the New Fashion of Mat Materials. The Color Is Coral. The Jodice Is Cut as High in the Front as a Sports Frock and the Scarf Is Held by a Gold Slide Buckle. This Scarf Continues in the Back in Folds Crossed at the Waist, Where There Is a Second Gold Buckle of Another Form. The Skirt Is Very Slim and Straight and There Is a Slight Train.

A Moire Gown, Cheruit Model. The Color Is Pale Blue. The Back Is Cut in a Deep Oval, or U Line, but Second Shoulder Straps Cross It, Knotted Once Over in the Centre. Below Them Are Three Large Silk Roses in Pale Shades, With Their Leaves. These Three Flowers Are in Pastel Tones of Yellow, Blue and Mauve, With Pale Green Leaves. The Skirt Has a Sort of Slit Peplum on One Side, Which Finishes in a Narrow Train. The Rest of the Skirt Is Straight and Slim.

PARIS, April 7.

ONE of the striking features of the new evening models is found in the immense variety of their decolletes. Several houses, especially Patou, have decided that evening necklines have been cut too low. He wishes to give a light effect to the back of a gown, but to do it in less obvious ways. So sometimes he runs the bodice high to the nape of the neck in the back, and then cuts slits in it, often diagonally. Or he will veil the back with crossed straps, or with wide bands attached at the top and turned under at the waist, or with a triangular scarf filling in the cut-out in the back. This gives quite a new look to his evening gowns.

Worth is another designer who thinks that an evening decollete should sometimes reveal little more than does an afternoon gown. Here is a Worth gown that illustrates another way in which he handles this idea. The neckline is high in front. The gown, in a new dull-surfaced armure silk, coral colored, is cut in front like a sports frock, and finished with a scarf held by a gold buckle. This scarf continues over the shoulders in flat folds, which run down to the waist where they are again held by another gold buckle, larger and more important.

Fichu effects and tightly drawn bands are a feature of the evening mode in many houses, including Vionnet and Chanel. One gown from Chanel shown here illustrates her way of using the fichu bands. She draws them together in the back, knots them, leaving a triangular opening below the knot, and then gathers them together again in a second knot at the waist, which is the starting point of more narrow scarfs or bands, running round the hips, crossing in front, and coming round to the back again to tie in a knot and ending low on the skirt.

Vionnet winds the shoulders of her lovely evening gowns with scarfs, often in another color. She places them round the shoulders like a fichu, knots them high in front, on an Empire line, passes them under the arms to the back again, and then brings them once more to the front, to tie in a soft bow, sometimes in the centre of the waist, sometimes to one side, occasionally in the back. Tightly drawn bands of colored crepe make a sort of bolero on a white gown. They are apple green, and it is a mystery how the mannequin gets into them. A black gown has a cowl neck and a hem of coral crepe, with a wide fichu scarf twisted intricately round the shoulders and arms and tied at one side. These bands are the last motif of her Spring collection.

Lanvin's model, shown on this page, reverses the usual order, for it puts a cape-collar in the front and leaves the back without. The gown is of white taffeta, while the cape, which forms the entire front of the bodice, is of black georgette embroidered in squares of tiny silver spangles.

It finishes in a point under the narrow belt and stops in the back just behind the arms. The back is again crossed with narrow bands of the spangled georgette. The skirt is bell-shaped, and much flared. This was the gown that Lanvin chose to show at the Bal de la Couture. This year each house was allowed to send only one mannequin, so that the choice had to be a careful one. Lanvin's pretty blonde girl won great applause.

The gown from Cheruit, shown here, was also present at the Bal de la Couture. Madame Wormser had chosen pale blue moire for her model. The back is cut in a deep U and then partly veiled by the knotted straps which cross it. Below are three large roses, with fragile silk petals, in pastel shades of yellow, blue and mauve, with pale green leaves. While the frock is straight and slim, there is a sort of modified peplum on one side to break the tubular line, which extends into a narrow one-sided train.

Several houses specialize in the unusual placing of flowers on evening gowns. Augustabernard again makes little sleeves, this time of red-yellow and white poppies on a yellow chiffon gown. Mainbocher has a way of fastening unusual blossoms, such as hydrangeas and hyacinths, in the front of his evening bodices, just below the bust, to accentuate their high Directoire or Empire line. He also puts little tight bunches on the shoulders of some of his gowns. One daytime model, a jacket and skirt in black crepe, has the space between the jacket fronts filled in with white velvet flowers, with big soft petals, instead of a blouse. Chanel puts a great lei of white petals on her startling evening gown of white piqué. Molyneux outlines his decolletes with small chiffon flowers, or with their petals, formed into close garlands. With the many flower trimmed hats of the Spring millinery, the expert flower makers at Paris are having opportunity to show their lovely, fragile wares.

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FOR HOUSECLEANING
IN EVERY ROOM AND
IN THE GARAGE

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is the only cleanser you need in your home

because it cleans more things, cleans quicker and costs less to use because it goes further

Housecleaning! Upstairs and down, and in the garage; for cleaning every type of surface, metal, paint, porcelain, wood, Old Dutch is proving daily that it's the only cleanser you need in your home.

Read Mrs. Barnett's interesting experience with Old Dutch:

"Housecleaning time is here again, and I am relying on the help of Old Dutch Cleanser, as usual, for I find that it cleans quicker and better.

I wouldn't use anything else on painted walls, woodwork, floors, bathroom, kitchen cleaning or for removing spots from mirrors or windows. Before repainting sunroom or kitchen furniture, I scour it thoroughly with Old Dutch, removing dirt, stains, roughness, etc.; then when the painting is done, the result is a beautifully smooth finished job.

Women are continually realizing the service Old Dutch gives and now feel that housecleaning is not the world's worst job."

(Signed) Mrs. E. P. Barnett,
7413 Maple Ave., Maplewood, Mo.

Every day more and more women are adopting Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively because they find from experience that Old Dutch *cleans quicker;* is safe because it contains no harsh scratchy grit, no caustic or acid to injure lovely things or roughen smooth hands. They've learned that Old Dutch is different; that its flaky, flat-shaped particles are natural cleansers that remove *all* the dirt, visible and invisible, working with equal ease on coarse or delicate surfaces. Old Dutch costs less to use because it goes further. The greatest selling cleanser in the world.

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The Kind of Weather That Makes You Catch Cold

How Many Children Catch Cold—and Grown-Ups Also.

1—A Child Plods Through the Rain, the Upper Part of Its Body Protected, but Not Its Feet.

2—Reaching School, Evaporation Begins From the Wet Shoes and Stockings, Producing a Chill.

3—The Chill Causes Changes in Circulation, Lowering Resistance to Germs, the First Evidence of Which Is Usually a Sneeze.

4—Serious Colds and Other Illnesses Are Often the Result of This Exposure to the Wet and the Subsequent Chilling.

5—These Could Be Avoided in Many Cases by Immediately Removing and Drying the Wet Shoes and Stockings.

Spring and Fall Rains More Dangerous Than Winter's Snow and Ice, Spring Colds Hardest to Get Rid of, Drafts Not Always a Danger Unless You're Wet, Better Be Chilled All Over Than in Only One Place

YOU are far less likely to catch cold on a cold Winter day than you are on a warm Spring or Fall day when it is raining.

Drafts are not in themselves the cause of colds, any more than a wind blowing upon you outdoors. Under the conditions that a draft gives you a cold, the outdoor wind will do so, too.

In fact, the kind of weather that is chiefly responsible for colds is wet weather, according to the results of a long series of recent investigations.

The reason seems to be that in such weather people, especially children, often get wet clothes or wet feet. Too often such wetness of the surface of the body is neglected. In school, for example, the child whose feet have got wet on the way from home, or whose clothes have been dampened by rain, is allowed to sit still for two or three hours while the water evaporates.

Evaporation of water needs a lot of heat, as any one can observe by noting the amount necessary to evaporate a kettle full of water from a stove. The heat needful to evaporate the water from wet shoes or clothing and to dry out these articles comes from the body of the wearer.

The school child with wet feet must supply from the resources of the small body a large amount of heat which the evaporating water removes. The same thing occurs when perspiration evaporates from the body on a hot day, only the process then is grateful and beneficial because the body is too warm.

In Spring or Fall, on the other hand, similar evaporation of water from wet shoes or clothing may chill the child's body seriously and bring on a cold or some other disease.

This probably explains the curious observation, now established by a number of studies of illness in public schools, that modern school buildings containing systems of forced ventilation actually show higher rates of illness from cold and similar ailments than are shown in older buildings which have no system of forced ventilation but depend on ordinary windows. Tests in Syracuse, New York, conducted by a committee of the New York State Commission on Ventilation, headed by Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, revealed this, as have other similar tests.

What probably happens is that too rapid movement of air is sometimes produced in the schoolrooms and dries out too rapidly the wet shoes or clothing of the children. In the older school buildings the windows are likely to be kept closed in damp weather, so that the movement of the air in the school rooms is less active and the air itself is moister. Thus the evaporation from wet clothing, with its consequent chilling effect, is slower and less dangerous.

Other factors come, of course, into these results. Dr. Winslow and his associates have found, for example, that the nationality or racial inheritance of the children in a school has a relation to the number of colds developed. In Syracuse, Italian children get fewer colds, on the average, than children of the native-born American families. Yet there is clear indication, even when full allowance has been made for all such racial and similar differences, that good ventilation in school rooms causes more colds instead of fewer ones. The idea that increased evaporation from wet clothing is at the root of this is the only reasonable explanation yet suggested.

The moral for parents and teachers is obvious. It is to see that wet shoes or clothing either are removed or are dried rapidly in a warm place. If a person is exercising actively, like a man walking in the rain, the chilling effect of wetness is much less dangerous, for the body then is generating ample heat as a result of the exercise. If one gets wet and cannot change clothes at once, the best way to avoid a cold is to run or walk rapidly until the clothes are dry, thus providing by exercise the heat necessary to evaporate the water without chilling the body itself.

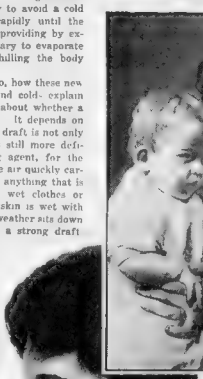
It is easy to see, too, how these new facts about chilling and colds explain the familiar disputes about whether a draft can cause cold. It depends on dryness or wetness. A draft is not only a cooling agent, it is still more definitely an evaporating agent, for the rapid movement of the air quickly carries away water from anything that is wet. A person with wet clothes or even a person whose skin is wet with perspiration in warm weather sits down for a few minutes in a strong draft. The result is quick evaporation from the exposed wet skin or clothing. This produces local chilling. Presently the person finds himself catching a cold. It is not the draft itself which is to blame. Probably the draft would have done no harm unless the clothing or body were wet.

But local chilling by drafts blowing on wet surfaces causes colds, for the thing that seems to be most likely to get a cold started is not a uniform chilling of the whole body such as one might experience by falling into a cold lake or river, but is the chilling of one small part of the body, like the feet or the back, while the rest of the body remains at its ordinary temperature.

This is why people who belong to "Polar Bear" and "Snow Bird" clubs that go swimming in mid-Winter through holes broken in the ice, or make it a point to go around in bathing suits in the snow instead of on Summer sands, can do so with little or no harm to their constitutions. The whole body is exposed to the cold air or water, instead of only a part of the body. Also, the exercise and the contact with cold all over the body stimulates the whole circulation. No one part of the body gets too little blood or to much; and it is such bad distribution of the blood which results from local chilling and which causes most of the colds.

Recent scientific discoveries about colds suggest why this local chilling may be so much more important than general bodily chilling. It seems to be a matter of the distribution of the blood in different parts of the body, especially in the skin and in the delicate mucous membranes which line the throat and the nose.

Dr. Leonard Hill, noted British biologist, physician and sanitary expert, is responsible for the statement that three things must happen at the same time to give one a cold. First, Dr. Hill believes, is a condition of the body or of parts of the body in which the tissues are more acid than they ought to be; the condition which leads in its extreme stages to manifestations like "cold sores" on the lips and other symptoms of what biologists call "acidosis." Second of Dr. Hill's causes is a chill to some part of the body, like that created by a draft blowing on wet



Colds Are Caught From Others Many Times Through Sneezing. And It Is Recommended That a Mother With a Cold Cover Her Mouth and Nose, as Shown Here, When She Has to Handle the Baby.

Pictorial Diagram Showing the Nasal, Mouth and Throat Cavities Where Germs of Colds Constantly Lurk.

are always present in everyone's nose and throat, merely waiting for a chance to invade the mucous membranes and bring the victim low. What ordinarily prevent this invasion are the resistant forces of the body. What occasionally does permit it and cause an actual cold is some break in this resistance, and the providing of this break is probably where the condition mentioned by Dr. Hill and the effects of local chilling get into the matter.

The human body has remarkably effective mechanisms for redistributing the blood around the body as circumstances require. Slap any one vigorously on the face and a red mark will appear in a few minutes. This is a manifestation of a change in blood distribution. Minute injuries created by the slap act to bring more blood into the tiny blood vessels underneath the slapped skin, so that the whole slapped area grows redder. Cold air sometimes does the same thing, which is why one's face and hands are likely to be red after walking for a time in a cold wind.

The important point is that such changes in the amount of blood in the skin of the face or other parts of the body surface are accompanied by corresponding changes in organs that are not visible. A sudden chill, for example, may act to withdraw blood almost altogether from the body surface and to concentrate it in the internal organs, so that face and hands look blue and cold. The drawing of much blood to the skin may have a reversed effect. These complicated distributions of the blood between the muscles, the brain, the skin, the mucous membranes, the liver and other organs in response to different stimuli have just begun to be studied by modern physiological science and are still but little understood.

One thing that is known to happen under certain circumstances is that these changes in blood distribution may act to take blood away almost altogether from the mucous membranes in the nose or throat. This creates the opportunity long awaited by the germs of a cold. Being partly bloodless, the membranes are less able than usual to defend themselves. Perhaps they already have been weakened and rendered slightly more permeable by too great acidity of the system, for it is believed that one effect of overacidity of the blood or of the body is precisely this one of making the cells of the mucous membranes more permeable and easier for germs to enter.

Thus the three causes mentioned by Dr. Hill combine to create an actual cold. The germs lurk there always, waiting their chance. If the body happens to be more acid than it should be, the membranes are slightly weakened. Then comes some kind of chill, like that produced by wet feet. Blood in the body is temporarily redistributed, perhaps with the result of taking some of the normal blood supply away from the membranes of the nose. The germs seize their chance and invade these temporarily weakened membranes and a cold begins—usually with a sneeze.

Sneezing scatters the germs of colds in the air and is one of the ways in which colds are communicated to others. It is recommended that mothers suffering from colds cover their noses and mouths, as shown by the photograph on this page, when they have to handle their babies.

People who never catch cold probably are those in whom the chain of events cannot happen. Perhaps their bodies never get acid, so that the membranes always are impermeable to the germs. Possibly the blood system of these individuals is so organized that the redistributions which take place during a local chill do not take needed blood from the membranes of the nose.

Similarly can be explained the remarkable success, in many people, of the sodium bicarbonate or "baking soda" treatment when a cold begins, advocated by Dr. Volney Cheney, of Chicago. The baking soda, taken into the stomach, is absorbed into the blood and keeps the nasal membranes from becoming acid. It should be remembered, however, that it is possible to swallow too much baking soda for health and that a physician's advice is desirable even for this homely treatment.

Other successful cold remedies probably operate in similar ways to break one or more of the links which constitute the chain by which a cold is acquired. Aspirin, for example, lowers the nervous excitability of the body and probably tends to decrease redistribution of the blood. It may also have other effects, although this drug, too, is not entirely safe and demands a physician's advice no less than the baking-soda treatment.

Two other drugs often used in treating colds, alone or in combination with others, are belladonna and camphor. The former acts, among other effects, to make the membranes of the nose drier and thus less permeable to germs, so that new germs probably are not able to enter the blood from the infected nasal lining to replace the previous invaders which the protective forces of the blood stream have killed.

Camphor is a nervous sedative, like aspirin, and probably helps to prevent the too violent redistributions of the blood supply.

The new theories of colds explain, also, the familiar popular observation that a cold acquired in the Spring is likely to be hard to cure. Much other evidence indicates that the resistance of the average human being to germ invasions is lower in the Spring than at other seasons. Perhaps this is because the average food during the Winter had contained less fresh vegetables and other fresh foods than during the Summer, so that the body's store of the vitamines which help to protect against germs is lower than usual.

Perhaps, it is because the similar protective effects of ultra-violet rays in sunlight have been deficient during the Winter. Dr. George H. Maughan, of Cornell University, has proved, for example, that regular exposure of college students to artificial ultra-violet rays during the Winter decreases the frequency of colds.

Whatever the exact combination of causes may be, it is probable that average bodily resistance is lower in the Spring. If at these seasons one experiences a chill and a temporary redistribution of the blood, the ever present cold germs are more likely to be able to invade the tissues of the nose or throat. Once established inside the first line of the body's defenses, these germ invaders then are harder to dislodge.

The Kind of Weather Chiefly Responsible for Colds Is Wet Weather, and the Completely Clothed Persons in the Rain, Shown Above, Are in Far Greater Danger of Contracting Colds Than the Scantily-Clad Young Women Called "Snow Birds," Who Bask on the Snow in Bathing Suits, as Summer Bathers Do on a Sand Beach.

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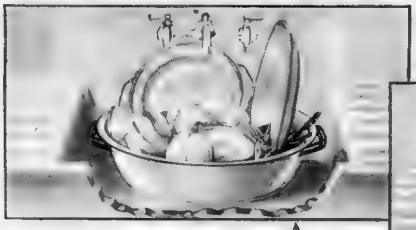
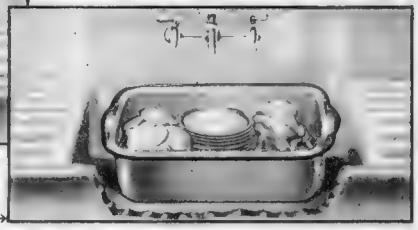
NEW OBLONG (SINK SHAPE) DISH PAN

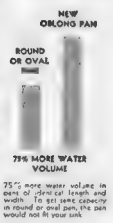
LIBERATES FROM BONDAGE
"WEBSTER"

Cuts Dishwashing Time 50% Here's How



BELIEVE IT OR NOT—exactly the same dishes in both pans.





75% more water volume in pans of identical length and width. To get same capacity in round or oval pan, the pan would not fit your sink

The above illustrates the customary round or oval dish pan with its sharp tapering sides and narrow bottom. It takes up identically the same oven and space in the sink but look how the same number of dishes piece for piece, protrude from the water in fact can only the new is submerged, while the pan entirely too full to allow the necessary working room. Note. If you submerge platters and other large pieces in oval or round dish pan you would not have sufficient room for the other dishes.

A test using the same dishes in an oval or round dish pan compared with the new style oblong (sink shape) dish pan is pictured above. Both pans are the same LENGTH and WIDTH. Every dish is completely submerged (note: the large platters lie flat on the bottom) in sudsy grease-removing hot water and yet there is plenty of space for working.

An abundance of room means less hand chafing and finger nail breaking to say nothing of the advantages of having the hands in the dish water less than half the time required in the old fashioned way. Greater working space results in less liability of chipping and damaging dishes and glassware. You will be amazed how "many advantages" you will find the very first time you put this pan in use. It is available in snow white and beautiful pastel colors that will harmonize with your kitchen. Fine high quality, triple coated porcelain enamel on steel, the kind of a pan that with even ordinary care will give years of constant daily service.

1 **75% additional water capacity over old style pan of same LENGTH AND WIDTH means grease is dissolved much more quickly—therefore less dish washing time.**

2 **Straight sides (not tapering) mean more room for dishes to be completely immersed in the sudsy water and more working room—therefore less dish washing time.**

3 **Greatly increased water volume means water remains hot longer, consequently is a quicker and more thorough solvent of grease—therefore less dish washing time.**

4 **Bottom as wide as top allowing large items such as platters, pots and pans to lie flat and become completely submerged—therefore less dish washing time.**
110% more bottom area over old fashioned round or oval dish pan of same size. Round or oval dish pan of same capacity would not fit your sink.

DEMONSTRATING THE VAST IMPROVEMENT IN THE NEW FEDERAL HANDLE

Note the finger pinching unsanitary handle in the obsolete style dish pans. . . Compare the new unbutt handles on the new style—formed to fit the hand therefore cannot pinch the fingers perfectly sanitary with no crevices to collect odors, grease and germs. Domestic Science Departments of Universities and colleges consider this feature alone most important and necessary in the modern kitchen.

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Ample room for thoroughly rinsing, even large quantities of so much may be washed and prepared in this pan. Ozone of room for scrubbing potatoes. For water crisping celery and lettuce.

THE PERFECT SHAPE FOR PRESERVING AND OPEN ROASTING

Turkeys, hams and large meat roasts can be done to a turn. Long and deep enough for boiling green corn. Soaking vegetables overnight, preparatory to canning. For tempering jars or glasses to receive hot preserves or jellies.

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Wonderfully handy for washing lingerie, silks, baby garments, small quantities of table linens, curtains, dish cloths, dish towels, etc. Generous width and depth for submerging in dye solution.

If your dealer cannot supply you with this new dish pan clip the coupon and send it to us along with the price of the pan and we will see that a dealer supplies you quickly.

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Why Actors and Actresses Ought Not to Marry Each Other

Jealousy of the Other's Stage Success and the Exalted Worship of Their "Careers" Usually Destroy Mutual Affection and Make Married Life Unendurable

Harry Bannister, Ann Harding and Their 4-Year-Old Daughter, Jane. Miss Harding and Her Husband Agreed to a Divorce Because He Had Become known as "Ann Harding's Husband."

Lou Tellegen, the Stage's "Perfect Lover" of a Few Years Ago, With His Famous Operatic Wife, Geraldine Farrar. Their Conflicts of Temperament Resulted in a Stormy Separation and an Entertaining Divorce Fight.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?" Miss Ina Claire (Above) Is Reported to Have Replied When Asked How It Felt to Be Wedded to a Star. The Stage Actress' Marriage to John Gilbert, the Movie Hero, Lasted Less Than Two Years.

Madame Jeritza, Operatic Prima Donna, Who Gets Along Very Nicely With Her Husband, Baron Leopold Popper, Who Is Not in Opera.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." For Twenty Years They Have Been Man and Wife as Well as Stage Lovers, a Notable Exception to the General Rule.

ANN HARDING, screen star, and Harry Bannister, actor, recently made the surprisingly frank statement that they were being divorced simply because the husband's career and personality were being absorbed by those of the wife until he had become known as "Ann Harding's husband."

This honest explanation throws light on why it has become an axiom that actors and actresses should never marry each other and that when they do, they are, with certain notable exceptions, almost certain to be unhappy.

Perhaps only among stage folk could such a strange plight as that of the Bannisters be possible. They have been married five and a half years, are still in love, without a single breath of scandal, they have a four-year-old daughter, Jane, a $100,000 house they built together, a fortune saved up and much more wealth in sight. Yet in spite of all these things to make them happy and keep them together, they can't stand it any longer because of almost irresistible forces that work upon people of the stage and screen.

For two and a half years they had been happy working their way to success on the spoken stage on Broadway. Then both went to Hollywood with beating hearts. Would either or both make good? The wife got her chance first and the husband loyally did the sensible thing. He stopped looking out for himself to help put his wife over. And when she made good the logical thing was for him to bend every effort to help make her next picture even better.

At the end of three years Miss Harding is one of the firmly established screen stars, commanding a salary that is said to be $6,000 a week. They have nothing to worry about except one thing. In that short time, while his wife has shot upward, he has dropped, from leading man to playing only occasional bits, and realized his situation when he found that Hollywood was calling him "Ann Harding's husband." The trouble was that he had given Ann every bit of the spotlight for three years. No doubt she would have gladly tried to share it with him at the start, but now he can never get in there with her, and they both know it. His one hope is to go out and, all by himself, capture a spotlight of his own and not let anyone else in.

If Mr. Bannister had been a lawyer, a real estate man or most anything except an actor, the trouble would never have arisen. He would probably have been proud and delighted at his wife's triumph and glad to have people point him out as Ann Harding's husband. It may be a little late for Bannister to win his spotlight, for he is 43, while she is only 30.

If husband and wife appear in the same play they fight with the author to make sure that one does not get better lines, more laughs, bigger situations, better entrances and exits than the other. They fight with the management about the size of type in which their names are printed in the billing and the electric lights. They drive the press agent crazy if a paper prints an inch more space about one than the other.

On stage there are a number of mean tricks, known to every actor, by which he can divert attention from the actor who legitimately should have it and thereby spoil his speech, kill his laugh or make ineffective whatever he is trying to accomplish. These tricks range all the way from moving during another's speech to looking inanely over the speaker's head instead of into his eyes. These foul blows are not often perpetrated on the stage, because they invite a call-down from the management and, if persisted in, discharge. But in private life there is no such restraint between married stage people. So the little battle of tricks to steal the attention of everyone else at the party from husband or wife goes on unhindered and often unnoticed.

In a play a star must have a "star's entrance." That is, he or she must appear in a striking, effective and flattering manner. Going to a party the ordinary couple gives no thought to entrances and exits. But a theatrical husband and wife each wants a star's entrance and a star's exit from that party, a matter that must be fought out in the taxi going over and perhaps again on the way home. Only a few have managed to rise above all this pettiness.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are still husband and wife. They had the tact to keep from treading on each other's toes. Yet each had been married before to a theatrical person and made a failure of it. Perhaps that is where they learned their lesson.

Compare this pair with Madame Jeritza sobbing over the footlights of the Metropolitan Opera House to the audience: "Gigli is not nice to me." This meant that she considered that the Italian tenor had "stolen one of her curtain calls." And Gigli was so upset over this curtain matter that he almost hurled the big blonde prima donna into the orchestra. Fortunately Jeritza is not married to Gigli or any other rival operatic singer.

Instead, this temperamental prima donna is quietly and happily wed to Baron Leopold Popper, who, though he has a title, is not at all annoyed, when he hears everyone whisper, "There goes Jeritza's husband." He is the son of a noted singer and grandson of a singing teacher, but fortunately his talent runs to the violin and piano, so there is no bloodshed.

However, theatrical pairs do not have to appear on the same stage in order to get jealous and behave like cats and dogs. Geraldine Farrar was a grand opera prima donna who had seen her best days when she met Lou Tellegen, a young matinee idol in no way her rival. He had come to America as the great Sarah Bernhardt's leading man and was known as the "perfect lover," a title that he seems to have lived up to off stage as well as on. He had come to America with the Countess de Beaucaire, who seems to have used blood hounds and might have gotten along with Tellegen if they had been left alone. But Geraldine had always had the best of everything and here was what was advertised as the world's most perfect lover who must had to have him, and she got him, but not for long. Their bickerings could be heard across the street, and soon she threw his clothes out the window, locked the perfect lover out and then, to make herself perfectly ridiculous, sued him for divorce, naming a co-respondent in nearly every State in the Union.

From that Mr. Tellegen should have taken the hint to marry outside the profession, but he didn't. Two days after Miss Farrar obtained her final divorce decree Tellegen married Isabel Craven, who had been one of his leading ladies. That marriage lasted six years, when Miss Craven obtained a divorce on much the same general grounds as Miss Farrar had. Tellegen consoled himself for her loss by promptly marrying another leading lady, Miss Eva Casanova.

Gloria Swanson, as an extra girl in Hollywood, married Wallace Beery, at that time a "screen villain." Such spotlight as there was in the family was his. But presently Miss Swanson became a member of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties and the usual theatrical matrimonial scuffle began. Result: divorce.

Her next husband was Herbert Somborn, wealthy producer of motion pictures. But theatrical managers are usually as vain about hogging the limelight as any prima donna. Therefore, when Gloria signed her first big contract she also contracted for another divorce. No more actors or producers for Miss Swanson. At the height of her career she picked for her third experiment the Marquis James Henry Ilaily de la Falaise de la Coudraye, who had more noble lineage than money.

Alas, she found that French noblemen are as much actors as any on stage or screen. They expect and usually get the centre of the spotlight by right of inheritance. So there was competition in the household of the Marquis, but the marriage lasted five years at that. For a fourth husband Miss Swanson has chosen a young man who is neither theatrical nor noble—just a rich playboy. Theoretically this marriage should last, because the star should have no difficulty in training him from the beginning to keep out of her spotlight, shine only by reflected glory and to look flattered when they call him "Mr. Gloria Swanson."

Undiscouraged by his experience with Gloria, the noble Marquis promptly married Constance Bennett, another film star.

Rudolf Valentino, most famous of all screen lovers, had been reasonably happy although married to Jean Acker, a competent actress, who for a time showed as much promise as her husband did. Suddenly, from a nonentity, he became the world-celebrated sheik. There was no room, even in the fringe of his spot, for a wife, so she divorced him.

It is perhaps understandable how a wife would resent seeing a mere husband suddenly swell up to a sort of god. But Valentino's next wife, Natacha Rambova, married the sheik after she knew he had become the most adored actor in the world. When a poor girl marries a millionaire, he can at once turn over to her half or all his fortune. Miss Rambova seems to have thought that the great and only Rudy would somehow divide his success and popularity with her about fifty-fifty. It could not be done, so there was bitterness almost from the first day. All she got out of it was wonder and congratulations that she had landed such a superior husband.

Willard Mack, another stage lover and matinee idol, was married and divorced by Maude Leone, Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick. His divorce from Miss Rambeau all three of the ladies were ad connected with the theatre, but Miss Oakes had been a society leader. However, she could not get along with Mr. Ames any better than the theatrical women. It is said that Mr. Ames' untimely death prevented him from taking a fifth bride. Helen Lambert, a

Of course, the greatest record of them all is held by the late Nat Goodwin. He accumulated and lost five beautiful wives and was about to marry for the sixth time. His wives in the order named were: Eliza Weatherly, Nellie Pease, Maxine Elliott, Edna Crockett and Margaret Moreland. Miss Georgie Gardner, another stage star, was to have been Mrs. Goodwin number six.

How quickly the jealousy of stage people springs to the surface even on a honeymoon is revealed by the classic remark attributed to Miss Ina Claire, stage star, just after she had married the famous John Gilbert, $10,000 a week movie lover. A cagey girl reporter asked the bride how it felt to be married to a star.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?" she replied, evidently much annoyed, it was reported. That marriage lasted less than two years.

Yet people of the stage as well as the screen can enjoy happy ones in a while. E. H. Sothern, famous Shakespearean actor, and his equally famous wife, Julia Marlowe, have been happily married for more than twenty years, and up to within the last year or so they were generally costarred. Several years ago Miss Marlowe sustained an injury which forced her to retire from the stage.

But the marriage of these two distinguished stars was not the first for either. Mr. Sothern's first wife was Virginia Harned, his leading lady, whom he married in 1896. The marriage was dissolved in 1910 and the next year Sothern married Miss Marlowe, with whom he had been appearing for seven years. Her first husband was Robert Taber, who had been her leading man. This marriage was also dissolved

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IT TAKES a big car to give you real motoring enjoyment—and the new Pontiac Six is that kind of car.

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Treat yourself to a ride in the new Pontiac. See how easily it handles, as you shift smoothly and silently through the gears with improved Synero-Mesh.

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Pontiac looks the part of a big car—acts the part of a big car—is a big car —at a price you'll be glad to pay!

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This Way to Happiness By Maxine Garvey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JANICE JORDAN, a pretty independent New York newspaper girl hoping for romance and the exhilarating bustling of life, falls [illegible] Welburn, a young [illegible] mind she marries [illegible] considers a middle-[illegible] from [illegible] a carefree [illegible] and gay [illegible] a fascinating [illegible] hate each [illegible] which is really a strong mutual at- [illegible] win her love during [illegible] Noel who [illegible] and amuses [illegible] arrives [illegible] Janice get [illegible] An English girl [illegible] motors him [illegible] about [illegible] a fiancé again all [illegible] marriage is a [illegible] gets himself [illegible] his arms. She [illegible] sees the situation [illegible] she confesses [illegible] Lance [illegible] he could give [illegible] bound to really [illegible] Wanda [illegible] Mrs. Devorn, [illegible] exaggerating Lance's [illegible] he is not get- [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] on [illegible] Wanda [illegible] Mrs. Devorn [illegible] Lance [illegible] Janice [illegible] Yakhot

Janice Remembered the Possessive Gesture With Which Wanda Had Greeted Noel That Day on the Beach.

CHAPTER XXII
(Continued).
Priory Manor.

THOUGH Olive Devorn prided herself on having an open mind, yet she could not allow herself to agree with Elsa's suggestion that Lance's new love might be altogether charming.

"Charming?" she grunted as the butler arrived with fresh coffee. "Humph!" She turned again to the letter in her hand. "Let me read you this, Elsa. It's a letter I've just received from Wanda Maitland. She and her mother have gone to Monte Carlo in the same motor as Lance and this wife of his. She writes, 'His little American wife is delightful, but rather young and inexperienced. I'm afraid, to face a situation like this. Of course, she is so young it's only natural she should want to read about and have a good time, but I do think it might worry your brother to feel she's out [illegible] night with heaven knows whom.'" Mrs. Devorn looked up and smiled triumphant ly. "What do you think of that now?"

"I think Wanda Maitland is a catty bore was a cat," Elsa [illegible] "Her mother [illegible] thy pottle, too, [illegible] her rightly," she [illegible] said.

"I don't say that's not true," Mrs. Devorn rumbled. "All the [illegible] I don't see why you should [illegible] Lance's folly, Elsa. The man's a fool. He always was [illegible] He should have married you."

There was a sharp pause. Mrs. Devorn [illegible] herself up [illegible] Still [illegible] a few minute passed, even she began to feel she had surpassed herself.

Elsa Needham had colored, noticeably. Something queer had happened to her eyes. Dolphy [illegible] her white table [illegible] down, [illegible] her plate and [illegible] her feet. "I wish you wouldn't keep dragging that up, Olive."

"Nonsense. Don't tell me you are still touchy about that old affair." And Mrs. Devorn [illegible] with laughter. Which was her way of saying she was sorry. And, because Elsa knew this, she forgave her.

"I suppose," she said quietly, "it is stupid of an old spinster of 37 to be touchy like that."

"Old spinster!" echoed Mrs. Devorn, still laughing. "If you [illegible] imagine yourself one of [illegible] [illegible]

"The point is," she resumed a moment later, "what are we going to do about Lance?"

"Do you think it's up to us to do anything?" Elsa asked.

"Of course! You don't think [illegible] forsaken Continental hole?" Mrs. Devorn boomed enthusiastically.

"Monte Carlo may be forsaken, but not in the sense you mean!" Elsa twinkled.

By a slight glimmer in Mrs. Devorn's deep set gray eyes you knew Elsa's remark had penetrated. Not without a sense of humor was Mrs. Devorn. Though, to be sure, it was rather a specialized brand of humor. Certainly it didn't include her own peculiarities.

"We must telegraph Lance and his wife to come up here at once," she said decidedly.

Elsa's blue-gray eyes strayed out to the drizzle. A gray basketful going to it. "Do you think they'll come?" she asked doubtfully.

Mrs. Devorn followed her glance. She knew her brother.

"Lance never could be persuaded to do what was good for him," she said. "You're probably right. I don't think he will come."

"Then there's nothing to be done, is there?" asked Elsa.

But, long ago, Mrs. Devorn had made up her mind something was going to be done. Nothing she enjoyed more than butting into other people's lives. Especially the lives of her own family.

"Piffle," she said. "What's to prevent us going down there?"

"But I thought you loathed Continental resorts."

"I do. I do," Mrs. Devorn said hastily. "But since Lance appears to be in such a rotten condition, for his sake, . . ."

"Quite," Elsa remarked. She smiled quietly and added, "I thought the weather this Summer was proving a little too much for you, Olive, my dear."

Mrs. Devorn snorted. "Stuff and nonsense," she said. Still, there was that faint twinkle in her eyes again.

"What is to prevent us starting at once?" she asked a moment later.

Elsa folded her hands before her on the breakfast table. "Where do you get that 'us'?" she asked.

Mrs. Devorn raised her bushy eyebrows. "Why shouldn't you come with me? You've nothing else to do."

"I know," Elsa said quietly. "All the same . . ."

She paused. She stared down at her folded hands. She thought, "It's stupid of me to feel like this. Why shouldn't I meet Lance again? Over fifteen years now since it happened. Besides, I might be able to help matters go off more smoothly. Olive's a dear, but terrifying if you don't know her. The poor little wife may have rather a thin time, of it if Lance is in bed and there's no one there to protect her!"

"All right, I'll come," she said finally.

"I knew you would," Mrs. Devorn laughed. "You wouldn't be a woman if you weren't curious to see what the wife is like."

Elsa laughed, too, a trifle confusedly. "You're impossible, Olive!"

"Shall we fly over to Paris tomorrow?" Mrs. Devorn suggested.

"But I thought you distrusted airplanes so much," Elsa gasped.

"Tush! Didn't Britain win the Schneider Trophy last time?" Mrs. Devorn demanded.

"Yes," Elsa murmured. Though she didn't see what that had to do with it. Possibly Mrs. Devorn didn't either.

The conversation was interrupted by a gigantic upheaval. A faint knock on the front door had been the signal for each of the five dogs to spring off their chairs, rush to the window and through it, barking, growling, showing their teeth. Elsa, unused to this little morning ritual, followed them and stared out of the window. In the centre of the five barking furies stood an unfortunate postman.

"Who but a British postman would offer himself a cheerful victim to the tender mercies of five savage dogs?" she wondered aloud.

CHAPTER XXIII.
A Golden Day.

MRS. DEVORN'S telegram was brought in to Lance early that same afternoon. He read it through, made a wry grimace and said, "My sister Olive is coming down here. Goodness knows why she's taken this sudden notion into her head!"

Janice was sitting on the arm of a chair polishing her nails with an immense silver buffer. Every now and then, as she moved it to and fro, it caught the sunlight. She glanced up, murmuring, "That will be nice for you, won't it?"

"I'm not so sure it will be nice for me," Lance said glumly. "You don't know Olive. She'll have me paying the expenses of a dozen specialists down from Paris, if I'm not careful! Somehow she must have heard I'm ill, though I can't think how she can have. But if there wasn't a chance of her being interfering she wouldn't be on her way down here. Olive's a dear in some ways. It's only her fatal habit of trying to boss other people's lives I object to. Why,"

(Continued on Page 20)

Make This Test Tonight!
Eat what you like at your evening meal and drink your favorite coffee—real coffee. After your meal or at bedtime, watch Upset or Gas Turns. See how Tums prevent and relieve fussy stomach acid and let you get a good night's sleep.

If Coffee Keeps You Awake
Just Eat a Few Delicious "TUMS"

MOST sleepless nights are caused by fussy stomachs—acid indigestion. Many times you are not even aware of this condition, but pressure on vital organs, gassy fullness and uneasiness torment the nerves, keeping you awake and restless. Awakening at frequent intervals, dreaming, tossing in bed are often the results of this condition. It is so easy to prevent and relieve these conditions quickly and pleasantly—just eat three or four Tums.

Tums—a delightful new antacid mint—counteract acid, dispel gas. You will be surprised how much better you sleep by eating them after your evening meal. If you are like many other people you will find you can drink real coffee with no bad after-effects. If you suffer with acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas at any time, you will find quick relief in Tums. Eat three or four just like candy—after meals or whenever you are distressed. They come in rolls, handy to carry in pocket or purse. Learn how you can eat and smoke what you like and drink coffee or tea without upset stomach. Get a roll of Tums at any drug store today—only 10 cents.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying *Tums* in the convenient $1.00 box containing twelve rolls, thus getting two rolls *free*.

Even if you have a FUSSY STOMACH

You can now eat a real meal without suffering with *Acid Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach or Gas*—just eat a few delicious TUMS—Qu-ick, Sure relief—at any drug store — only 10 cents.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Notice how nice my Teeth look?
. . my Gums are Firm, too!
thanks to Ipana!

1. She knew about "pink tooth brush."

Alice teaches physical training in a big high school. One day last summer we were out in the car and I saw her look at my teeth two or three times. "Know why your teeth aren't as bright as they used to be, Sue?" she said. "You have 'pink tooth brush', *haven't* you? Better harden up your gums. And I'll tell you why. It's like this:

2. Alice told me about Ipana.

"Gums," she said, "don't get any exercise nowadays—foods are too soft. And tender, bleeding gums simply invite gum diseases. Serious ones, too!" She told me to get some Ipana Tooth Paste and rub some extra Ipana into my flabby gums every time I cleaned my teeth. "The ziratol in Ipana—with the massage—does wonders."

3. Now! White teeth—firm gums!

I certainly took Alice's advice! Got some Ipana the same day. I clean my teeth with it and massage a little into my gums. My teeth lost that dull, dirty look. And I could feel the difference in my gums. Today my teeth *sparkle*. And my gums are so firm and healthy! Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

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Why not make sure of all these health-promoting elements that your everyday foods should have? *They cost you nothing extra*

—and here are the reasons why this special DEL MONTE safeguard is so essential

Brings you fruits and vegetables picked at the moment of highest vitamin content
—protected from vitamin loss after picking
—guarded against vitamin loss during cooking

Be sure to learn about this great new landmark in canned food values!

Several weeks ago, DEL MONTE announced an extra safeguard for your everyday meals — DEL MONTE "vitamin-protected" Foods.

The quick response to this news shows how much women have been thinking along these very same lines and how essential they consider this guarantee. Many questions have been asked us. To make clear the real importance of DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" we answer some of them here.

***Question:* Are vitamins really necessary?**

Answer: Yes, probably more so than any other part of our diet. Of course, we must first have the body and energy building elements — proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Our meals also need bulk and mineral salts. But without vitamins, we can't use or assimilate these food elements. You might call vitamins the vital spark that keeps the human engine running smoothly.

***Question:* Are DEL MONTE Foods as rich in vitamins as raw foods cooked at home?**

Answer: Yes, richer. The reason is that oxygen attacks vitamins, just as it does flavor. When you cook raw fruits or vegetables yourself, you cannot possibly exclude the air. Certain vitamins are lost. Before DEL MONTE Foods are cooked, the air is drawn from the can and the can is sealed. This effectively prevents most of the vitamin loss which occurs in ordinary home cooking.

***Question:* Then aren't all canned foods about the same in vitamin content?**

Answer: Decidedly not! Studies by a great Mid-Western University have even shown variations in vitamin content as high as 100% *between different brands* of the same canned food.

***Question:* Why is such a difference possible?**

Answer: For several reasons. Feeding tests indicate that fruits and vegetables have their highest vitamin content when they reach the point of finest flavor. If they are not picked at just this moment, you lose some of their vitamin efficiency. In addition, fruits and vegetables start to lose vitamins as soon as they are picked. If they are not cooked or canned promptly, again you miss some of their vitamin values. Here are just two of the reasons why many foods do not have all the vitamins they should, whether you buy them canned or raw.

***Question:* Why is DEL MONTE able to offer special "vitamin-protection"?**

Answer: First, because DEL MONTE is so exacting in its insistence on the finest fresh products — even to growing many of them right on its own farms and ranches. Vegetables selected for DEL MONTE must be at the peak of garden freshness — fruits, fully tree-ripened. Second, because DEL MONTE'S canneries reach right into the world's finest food producing districts. No time is lost between picking and canning.

To secure only vitamin-rich foods and to protect them against deterioration calls for far greater care, far greater speed, far greater resources than just to "put them in a can". Exactly the same methods and advantages which have established the uniformity and fine flavor of DEL MONTE Foods make DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" possible.

***Question:* Are all DEL MONTE Foods "vitamin-protected"?**

Answer: Yes — all DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables in which vitamins are naturally present are "vitamin-protected". Just see that you get the familiar red and green label you know so well. Nothing else to look for.

As the guardian of your family's health, the proper selection of what they eat is one of the greatest contributions you can make to their happiness and well-being.

Why risk any uncertainty? Why take any chances with guesswork? The wide DEL MONTE line of foods includes almost every one of the fruit, vegetable and fish products you serve most often. By insisting on DEL MONTE when you buy *any one of them*, you know you are always getting the best. You know that you are doing everything in your power to make sure of the health-promoting values these important foods should have.

Don't miss this safeguard! Say DEL MONTE! For many different reasons! But none more important to you than "vitamin-protection" and what it stands for.

NOW—AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS!

This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

Janice Lay Back in the Prow, Letting the Tips of Her Fingers Trail in the Cool, Pleasant Sea.

(Continued from Page 18)

he murmured, lying back among the pillows with a faint chuckle, "but for Olive I might have been married long ago. Providing, of course, the lady was willing."

"Fe, fi, fo fum, I scent a mystery," laughed Janice. "So there was a lady in the case!"

Lance smiled a little self-consciously. In the way men do smile when asked to recount their past love affairs by their wives. "Since it all happened about sixteen years ago, I don't flatter myself you'll be jealous." He paused. "In some ways you remind me of Elsa, Janice," he resumed a moment later, "though she was more of a kid when I first knew her. A little girl with reddish pigtails, demure little ways and a quiet sense of humor. I suppose our romantic elders called us childhood sweethearts. Anyhow I used to take her to dancing classes and pull crackers with her at parties. That went on until I went to Cambridge. After that I thought myself too grown up for her. And when I left Cambridge I went straight out to Chile. Elsa, I believe, went to college in America. Her mother was an American, by the way."

He reached for a cigarette on a bronze stand near him. While he lighted it Janice murmured, smiling, "Do go on, Lance. I love hearing about your past indiscretions."

"The trouble is there was no indiscretion," Lance laughed. "My chief sin is that all my life I've been too discreet! Anyhow, when I came home on my first leave Olive had Elsa, then back from the States, staying in the house. Not that that in itself was unusual; but, from the first moment I stepped inside the door, I sensed a subtle campaign on foot to marry us off. Not so subtle either, you'll understand when you meet my sister Olive! Everyone seemed to think it a foregone conclusion I would marry Elsa with the least possible delay. I've thought since that, if they'd only kept quiet, I even might have! But they nearly drove me mad with hints and innuendo. It goes without saying all this had the very opposite effect. It made me terrified of Elsa. From being a pretty, sweet, amusing girl she became a hideous menace. I was frightened out of my life at being left alone with her. I devised all sorts of absurd means to circumvent it. Being naturally diffident, the feeling that everyone was hanging breathlessly around corners, so to speak, awaiting my proposal increased my timerity until it became an obsession. It put me in a blue funk. If only people would realize how scared a man is of the girl everyone expects him to marry!

"Of course all this was due to my Elsa's fault," he added playfully. "I'm sure she hadn't a ghost of a notion what was afoot. Well, to cut a long story short, I did a bunk. I left my sister's house precipitously and rushed back to Chile without waiting to finish out my leave. Back to flies, back to mosquitoes, back to safety. Yet the curious part was that, when I'd left there, I'd fully intended asking Elsa to marry me! Just shows what outsiders can do by interfering, doesn't it? But I've often wondered," he paused, and let a thin spiral of smoke slide to the ceiling, "I've often wondered" he repeated, "just what Elsa thought about it all."

Janice looked up with a quick smile. "But as something you will never know, Lance," she told him.

Lance frowned up at the ceiling. "If I ever meet her again . . ." he began.

Janice shook her neat brown head. "Women have a little habit of keeping such things to themselves, Lance dear."

A sharp rap on the door. Noel Henderson walked in. Noel looking very happy and pleased with himself this bright afternoon. He wore a light tan golf suit almost the color of the tan on his skin. It made him look quite amazingly handsome. Janice caught her breath and bent quickly over the silver nail polisher.

"Well," Lance commented, "you're looking particularly cheerful about something this afternoon, Noel, my lad."

Noel laughed. "Well, you old misery, who wouldn't be cheerful on days like these?"

"Humph," Lance commented, "every day for the past five days has been the same and you've been looking like cheese with the toothache! Not engaged to the blonde beauty I've been hearing so much about, are you?"

Janice stiffened with a queer little jerk. Stupid, absurdly stupid, but her heart had contracted for a moment with a sharp twinge of fear. She remembered the possessive gesture with which Wanda had greeted Noel that day on the beach. She caught her lower lip between her teeth furiously with herself. Noel was bound to get engaged to some girl some day. He was too handsome to escape. Janice thought now, "I don't think I'd mind any girl but Wanda Maitland." Yet she knew, in her heart, she would have minded equally whatever girl Noel had got engaged to!

"Ye gods, no," Noel laughed. "Nothing like that about me."

A sharp breath escaped Janice. It might have been relief.

"I came to steal Janice for the afternoon," Noel resumed. "I've hired one of those horse carriages with the quaint white bonnets and persuaded the old cabby to drive us over to Mentone. Would you like to come, Janice?"

Would she like to come? A flame leapt to Janice's eyes, her cheeks flamed with excitement. "Oh, I'd just adore to," she cried. Then, turning towards Lance, "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not, dear. I want you to have all the fun you can," Lance said quickly. All the same a faint shadow had crept into his eyes. Not that he minded Janice going. Indeed, he wanted her to go. But it hurt a little that she should seem so eager about it.

He felt chilled and out of things suddenly. Rather old. They were both starting life's adventure, eager explorers, whereas, lately, he found he had become tired of exploring. At first, when he'd married Janice he thought he could keep pace with her. Even outstep her in his craving for glamorous, colorful life. But now he was a little skeptical.

A moment later he had shaken those depressing thoughts from him. He wouldn't be depressed. Lying so long in bed, that's what was doing it. He straightened himself on the pillows resolutely. Yes, that was what was doing it. Lying so long in bed.

When Janice came in, wearing a blue knitted hat that matched her blue crepe de Chine frock, he beckoned her over.

"I think I'll have a surprise for you when you come back, little lady."

"Do tell me now," she pleaded. "I'll be on pins and needles all afternoon."

But he shook his head, smiling stubbornly. "Wait until you come back, little Mrs. Curiosity."

She had to be satisfied with that.

Janice felt the whole afternoon was like a page torn from a book, a page dipped in gold. Golden sunshine splashed gaudily everywhere. Golden shades to the distant hills, the treetops, a film of gold over the sea itself. Too, a thread of golden laughter and friend-ship linking Noel and herself. It seemed so easy to be friends with Noel now. She couldn't understand how they had ever been enemies.

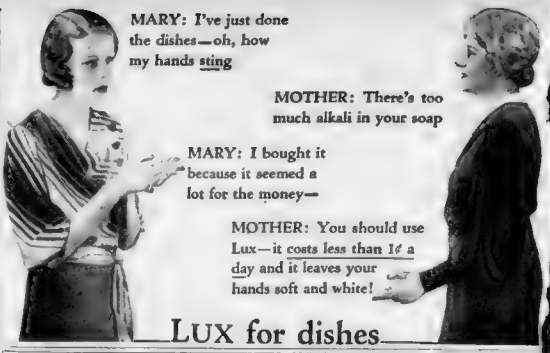
Prompted by Janice, he told her something about himself, as they jogged along the white shimmering highway. Janice sat, legs crossed, leaning forward on the seat opposite him. One elbow rested on her knees, her chin rested on a small clenched fist. She listened, eating up every word he told her. Each little incident that gave her a brief glimpse of his boyhood and young manhood, was terribly precious. More precious than he would even guess.

In his somewhat blunt way, Noel gave her the facts. These Janice visioned with her bright colorful imagination. When he said, "My mother and father were killed in an auto smash while I was still at boarding school. It was a bit of a blow to me," she saw so much more than that. She saw the boy, Noel, being sent for by the headmaster, she heard the headmaster breaking the awful news as best he could. She saw the little fellow trying to be brave about it. Oh, trying desperately hard to be brave, but longing to creep into the arms of that same little mother who had gone, and cry and cry.

Janice's own eyes filled with tears and her heart took a little for that poor dead woman. Such a lot she had missed, was missing now. How proud she'd be to claim this fine specimen of manhood as her son. Awful and heartbreaking Janice felt to be cheated out of her happiness in the young grown Noel. If ever she had a son she knew he'd want him to be just a replica of this man opposite. But how awful if she, too, should die and not know the crowning glory of that son growing up . . .

Noel had seen those tears in her eyes. He stared at her in bewilderment. He stopped and stammered, "See here, what's the

(Continued on Page 22)


MARY: I've just done the dishes—oh, how my hands sting
MOTHER: There's too much alkali in your soap
MARY: I bought it because it seemed a lot for the money—
MOTHER: You should use Lux—it costs less than 1¢ a day and it leaves your hands soft and white!
LUX for dishes

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"It's the best short-cut to loveliness I know," says MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

MRS. HAMILTON is the young wife of a grandson of the late famous financier, J. Pierpont Morgan, and great-great grandson of Alexander Hamilton . . . She is exceedingly lovely, with dark blue eyes and a clear fresh complexion. Her chic white satin evening frock is a model by Bergdorf-Goodman.

"GOOD LOOKS are an asset whether in business or in matrimony. Nothing in the world is more precious," says Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton.

One of New York's most gifted hostesses and a brilliant business woman beside, Mrs. Hamilton's young life is overflowing with varied interests and enthusiasms. She is a talented pianist, plays golf extremely well and is on the Board of Governors of the Women's National Republican Club . . . No one knows better than she the busy modern woman's problem of always looking fresh and charming!

"Pond's is the best short-cut to loveliness I know," Mrs. Hamilton says.

"I keep in my office just the same beauty kit I have on my dressing table at home—the Two Creams, a box of Tissues, a bottle of Skin Freshener . . . There they are, ready to use before dashing out to a luncheon, or if my good husband is picking me up on his way home.

"It doesn't take a minute to cleanse your skin thoroughly with that delicious Cold Cream; wipe it off with Tissues; pat on some Skin Freshener (an awfully good pick-me-up for the skin); then a touch of Vanishing Cream gives the perfect base for powder.

"All traces of toil have been removed—your skin looks fresh and alive . . . I've no patience with women who don't look their best when it's so simple," Mrs. Hamilton smiled in conclusion.

FOUR THINGS the skin must have to keep it always lovely: Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting.

1. For immaculate cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes to ward off sagging and wrinkles. Then wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, which are *softer*, more absorbent. Be sure to get the big new 25¢ box—half again as many Tissues, white or peach.

2. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and stimulate, close and refine the pores, keep contours fresh and young and promote natural color.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use this Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream and leave it on overnight, to soften and lubricate the skin while you are asleep.

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. . . And You Need Not Be a JUGGLER To Open the Door

ONLY LEONARD HAS THE LEN-A-DOR

greatest convenience feature in Electric Refrigeration . . . .

EVER since refrigerators first came into use, women have juggled dishes precariously in one hand . . . or set them down . . . to open refrigerator doors.

Now, you need no longer go through this juggling act . . . nor waste this time and effort . . . since the Leonard Electric solves the problem so simply *with the* LEN-A-DOR.

Only Leonard has this feature; a touch of the toe and gently the door swings wide. What a convenience when both hands are full of dishes!

Next to the superb beauty of Leonard cabinet design and finish, the LEN-A-DOR has stirred more interest in the Leonard Electric than any single feature. Closer inspection, however, reveals a score of other advantages that make Leonard the outstanding value in electric refrigeration to-day.

No other refrigerator, at any price, gives you *all* of these: chrome hardware, semi-concealed hinges, broom-room legs, one-piece steel exterior, table top, Leonard approved insulation, one-piece porcelain interior, Chill-om-eter with 8 freezing speeds, aluminum Sanitrays with permanent sanitary finish, an improved rubber tray, porcelain cooling unit with self closing door, handy egg basket, and salad chiller.

Before you invest in any electric refrigerator, see the new Leonard . . . 9 portable models (3 all-porcelain) installed by merely plugging into an electrical outlet. The nearest dealer will gladly show them. And do not fail to mail the coupon *now* for our free phonograph record.

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This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

matter, Janice." You're not crying, are you?"

No, I'm just laughing out of my eyes," she told him. "It's a sailor trick I have. Go on talking, do. It keeps me from being seasick, or trunsick, or whatever sort of sickness you get in a jolting horse carriage."

Noel said gently, "I think I'm beginning to understand you, Janice. You're a strange girl, aren't you? I believe you've got one of the softest hearts in the world behind that sharp little tongue of yours."

"Yep," Janice murmured, "it's that soft and soggy I have to wring it out in the bathtub each night. Squeeze the tear drops from it. Lately I've been thinking of getting it perforated so the tears will flow away of their own accord!"

Noel threw back his head and laughed. "I believe you'd turn hades itself into a laughing matter, Janice. Have the devil roaring with laughter as he pitchforked you gaily into the fire."

"Well, I might be glad he was getting some fun out of it, though I doubt it," she murmured.

They never reached Montone. They stopped for tea at a pavilion that jutted right over the sea. As you ate you could hear the waves lapping the floor beneath you.

In the middle of tea, Noel pulled himself up and said gruffly: "Here, this will never do. I've been talking about myself ever since I stepped out of the darned old hotel. I've never talked about myself so much to any girl in my life before."

"Perhaps," Janice thought, "no girl wanted to hear about you as much as I do, my dear."

Aloud she said, smiling: "Maybe, but I'm awfully greedy. So much more I want to hear. About your work in Chile."

But, directly a man realizes he has been talking about himself, he shuts up like a clam. Though few of them do seem to realize it until they've said all they've got to say! Anyway, that streak of stubbornness in Noel showed itself now.

"No, my girl. I want to hear about you . . . about Janice Jordan that was." He added, with a rueful frown, "This little girl I behaved so badly to, when I first met her. Gee, I ought to be horsewhipped."

Olive Devorn Turned Again to the Letter in Her Hand. "Let me read you this, Elsa. It's a letter I've just received from Wanda."

But Janice wouldn't have that. She rushed, lightning quick, to his defense. Janice never harbored a grievance once it was done with.

"You had the right to think what you did," she assured him stoutly. "I would have thought the same in your place, I'm sure."

She told him something about herself in her own inimitable way, so that he roared with laughter most of the time. About Frosty the kitten; the girls at the office; about Mrs. Smithers, the janitor's wife with her passion for fried fish, and her nickel-plated fish service that had been given her as a wedding present and had never been out of its wrapping paper since, though she ate fish every day!

"All very well," Noel said presently, and somehow his hand had found hers under the table. "That's the laughter side of it. Wasn't there ever a cry side, Janice?" His voice had sunk low, a curiously husky note had crept into it.

Janice drew her hand out of his, rather abruptly. She shook her head fiercely. "Only a laughter side, Noel!" She knew you were safe so long as you stuck to the laughter in life. The cry side must be kept locked deep in your heart.

Afterwards Noel hired a canoe, paddled her away over the faintly rippling sea. The canoe cut a sharp lane in the water, as though it had been pierced by a sword. Janice lay back in the prow, screwing her eyes up a little because of the sun, letting the tips of her fingers trail in the cool, pleasant sea.

They drove home in the fading glory of a rose-gold sunset. The air was very quiet except for the noise of the horse's hoofs, the occasional crack of the driver's whip, and the jingle-jangling of bells attached to the animal's harness.

Janice sat back, quiet and happy. Too happy to talk. She felt this afternoon had been a little oasis of happiness.

Real happiness. Once she'd thought going places, fashionable places, buying things, expensive things, would constitute happiness. But she knew better now. She thought, a little wistfully, "How very young I was then!" She seemed to have traveled such a long way since she had left Janice Jordan, the stenographer-typist, behind in that cramped one-room apartment. She had stepped into a different world. Not only a world of the flesh. A different mental world, too.

"I seem to have really discovered you this afternoon, Janice," Noel said with a slow smile. "You're so different from what I thought you, I'm bewildered. I've been so happy with you. I don't know when I've ever been so happy."

Something moved convulsively in Janice's throat. She couldn't have spoken just then.

"I'm so glad we're friends, aren't you?" he asked. And again she heard that queer humility in his voice that had almost undone her before.

"Yes, very glad," she whispered.

"Somehow I can't bear to think of this day ending," he went on. "Couldn't we have dinner together and dance? Just to finish out a perfect day? Do you think Lance would mind? Yet, I don't see why he should. He's always urging me to take you about."

"I could ask him," Janice murmured. She thought, "Why not?" Why not one day of pure happiness out of a lifetime? Surely Lance wouldn't grudge her this one short evening when he would have the whole rest of her life!

"Do, Janice," Noel gripped both her hands and smiled boyishly. "I can't tell you how I'm looking forward to it!"

"So am I," Janice whispered in her heart. "So am I. So am I"

But she'd forgotten, of course, the surprise Lance had spoken of. Now, running up the stairs to his room, she suddenly remembered it.

"I wonder what it can be?" she thought.

A minute later she had knocked. When she heard his voice call "Come in" she opened the door. As usual her eyes went straight to his bed, but the bed was empty. She heard a low chuckle from the opposite side of the room. Lance was standing there, fully dressed.

"Lance . . . you're up!" Janice gasped in astonishment.

He laughed again, and held out his hands to her. "Yes, the doctor told me yesterday I could get up today, but I wanted to keep it as a surprise for you, dear."

Janice put her hands in his. "I'm so glad," she breathed.

He drew her toward him. His lips, light as moths' wings, moved over her cheek. "Janice," he whispered, "lately I've felt you were drifting away from me. I've been afraid. Tell me, sweet, my fears have been groundless. Caused by lying too long in bed moping."

Just for a moment Janice closed her eyes. She whipped herself mentally. "Play up, Janice. You've got to play up. You can't be cruel as to let him down." When she opened her eyes she was smiling. "You are a silly old dear, Lance. What a thing to have thought!"

He smiled, reassured, held her closer. "Listen, little sweetheart, I've told them to reserve a table for us in the dining room. A table with white flowers on it. White, Janice . . . And" — his voice dropped. It was so low now she could scarcely hear it— "I want you to wear white, too, darling. That pretty new white dress you showed me the other day . . . You understand, sweetheart." I've waited so long."

Yes, Janice understood. And her heart seemed to stand still for a moment in misery, in terror. Somehow, coming now, it was so much worse than had it come on her wedding night. So much had happened in between. . . . So much she didn't dare think of. But still that little voice was urging her to play up. It was the only thing she could do. The only decent thing she could ever do! Besides, to her, there was something infinitely pathetic in Lance's wistful eagerness. She could no more have hurt him deliberately than she could have hurt an eager pleading child.

"Of course, Lance dear, I'll wear the white dress. . ." Her voice was choked. All the same she smiled. "Now I must run and change. . . I'm so excited about tonight. It's such a surprise."

Noel was waiting in the lounge below. Janice had promised to come down and give him an answer about tonight. But half an hour had passed, almost three-quarters, and she hadn't come. At last, he went up to her room. He tapped on the door. He said, "Is it all right about tonight, Janice? Can you dine with me?"

Janice's voice came faintly from inside. And, to Noel, it seemed as though something was strange about it. So different, somehow, from the voice he remembered that same afternoon "Oh, no, Noel, awfully sorry, but the plans are changed, completely. Lance is up and I'm dining with him. Isn't it splendid? I'm so . . . happy about it."

And she really tried to act as though she were as she took Lance's arm, a little later, and went down to dinner.

There were white roses on the table, tender, half-opened buds. White orchids, too, nestling in a sheath of maiden-hair fern beside Janice's plate. Lance had thought of everything. He must have been planning it all afternoon. It wrung Janice's heart. It made her feel small, humiliated, but desperately determined to play up for all she was worth. Like a throbbing refrain, it ran through her head. "I mustn't let Lance down. Not this time. Whatever happens, I mustn't let him down."

Gay, sparkling, laughing constantly was Janice tonight. Several other diners turned to ask who the girl was and to wonder why she should be so happy. Lance, too, laughed a lot. Laughter that concealed a certain pathetic eagerness. Tonight, he assured himself, his great wish was to be fulfilled. Yet he was afraid. Even now, when it seemed assured he must win her. The fear kept him on the qui vive all the time. Made his acting of the part of the happy, successful lover at times a little strained. Both were acting, Janice and he. A little comedy that had heartbreak in it.

Noel was dancing across the room with the Maitlands. In a queer way, Janice seemed conscious of him every moment. There was dancing, on a small space at the end of the dining room. Between one of the courses Lance crushed down his napkin beside his plate, crying gaily "Let's dance, Janice."

She looked doubtful. "Do you think you ought to, Lance? Your back, you know."

"That to my accursed back!" He snapped his fingers twice in the air in rapid succession. "Don't remind me of it tonight, please, Janice. I want to forget everything like that . . . everything but life and love and you, my beautiful."

They danced. At least, Lance walked to the music with queer, jerky steps. He nodded his head as he did it, as though this dancing were a bizarre affair, anyhow, and the more bizarre you made it the better. Janice tried to keep step with him and succeeded very creditably.

"Nothing to it, is there?" asked Lance, triumphantly. "Wonder I didn't try it before. But then, tonight I feel I could do anything in the world. Anything . . ." His hold on her tightened.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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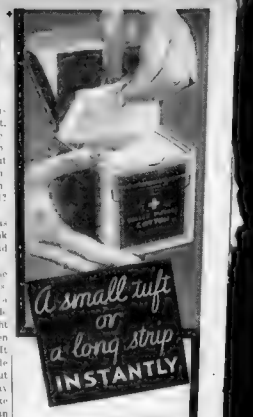

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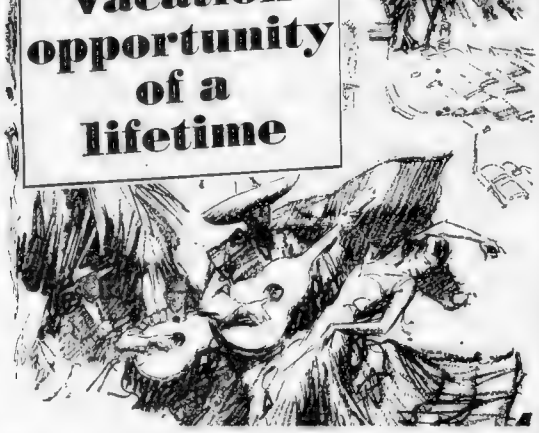

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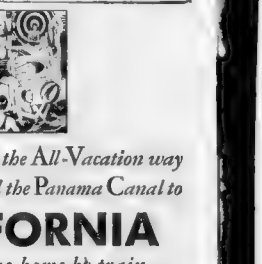
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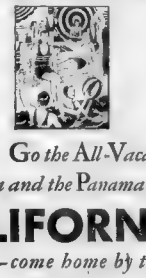

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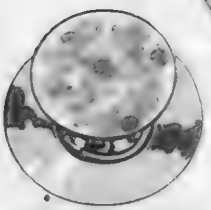

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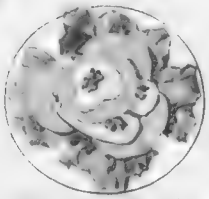

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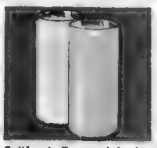

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119 Fifth Avenue, Box H
New York City, N. Y.

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHARLIE SQUIRES, a cowboy on his way after native, pretending himself Trail to look for [illegible] Ward's Flat Wells and [illegible] to over a group of [illegible] men who [illegible] him home [illegible] down the [illegible] to find a mans [illegible] dead at the bottom. Directly [illegible]

[illegible] minutes later Pete Black [illegible] at the Bar W, who [illegible] his pockets. This [illegible] Sheriff [illegible] the [illegible] were Ward [illegible] at first of Saul Atkinson, [illegible] had come up [illegible] Ward [illegible] Mexico [illegible] had [illegible] Ward [illegible] New York on [illegible] Mexico [illegible] the [illegible] Ward [illegible] Bar W thinks [illegible] Pete left the Bar W at 8 o'clock [illegible] Ward [illegible] Pete [illegible] Ward [illegible] Ward gives him a job [illegible] Bud flies [illegible] Sheriff Ginger Scallion [illegible] the man [illegible] Ward [illegible] Ward [illegible] Ward

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Name

Address

City

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 24)

...n adoration out here I've seen it now and then. I mean male and female critters.

...ossibly, though, not man and man. Some cow, it doesn't seem just natural thataway.

"Perhaps adores is too big a word," said Sally. "I should have said that she was devoted to Mr. ... made his interest he...

"I'm ... possible. I don't ... you're riding for, you ... its interest first. ... of most things, anyhow."

He frowned, staring soberly ... valley to where the ... peaks cut the ... It occurred to him that ... had ... the girl to ... changed ... plans, ...

"I ... ing out here ... to assist ... Why ... ked with ... New York, didn't ...

"But she is lame. It is hard for her to travel. She was angry with me when I insisted on ... not going to join father. Mrs. ... will forgive me," ... said Sally, her eyes turning ... toward the guest. ... were Saul Atkinson's ... "She may want me ... I don't intend to go, though."

"I don't have to hurry back to ... ding. Stay here for ... and get it and look around ... bits of ... You're ... Atkinson."

"Am I?" She gazed unseeingly ... the ... hazy valley and ... "I ... I ... I was ... good ... I was ... yester...

Ginger did not smile. He was too tired for the quip—and too old and wise—for that.

After a minute she went on. Mr. Heflin had told her that her father's death was not an accident. He had hesitated and fumbled over the story, hating the telling. That was natural enough and she had been too stunned for questioning. But ... would tell all she ... Sally ... for the details ... I ... I ... whisper. ... I ... ...ody a bit ...

"I see," she said at the end. "It was just for money he was killed then. Just because some ... had more money ... Money ... makes a little richer if they had the papers he carried, and ... what ... Dr. Burke and Ward for that they murdered him. Doesn't it seem queer to you," she went on in a curiously expressionless monotone, "that money should mean so much to anyone? Just money. To kill for it? To take away a life, that tremendous, irreparable thing! Can you understand it?"

Ginger looked down at her sadly. He had lived too long himself and seen too much for him to put so high a value upon mere living; he knew too well its despairs and anguishes. But he understood and sympathized with Sally's emotion

"It's pretty bad," he agreed gently

"Have you any idea who did it?"

"I'm afraid not," ruefully admitted the sheriff. "Not yet. But I think we'll get him ... sooner or later. We must ... do. Things turn up."

"What do you think might turn up in the ...?"

"Well," said Ginger, stroking his grizzled mane with a contemplative forefinger. "We have not begun to go over the ground properly yet. I've ... men ... down to the ... by ... noon. There's Mr. Tanning again."

"There's Mr. Tanning again," said Sally. "Mr. Heflin must be up."

Gil Ward came out of the kitchen now. He was frowning and looked worried

"Oh, Ginger, there you are!" he said with an accent of relief. "Come into the house, will you? We need you."

Ginger frowned and with an almost imperceptible gesture indicated the presence of the girl beside him. She did not notice

"Mr. Ward," she asked eagerly. "May I have a horse?"

He looked surprised

"Why, yes," he answered. "I suppose so. That is, of course, you may. I'll send for one of the men to guide you."

"I don't want a guide"

"I'm sorry, but it's one of our rules that no one—especially no woman—goes out alone until she has been here a few days. Until she knows the trails and we know just how safe she is on a horse or in the woods."

"Oh, dear!" Sally stood silent a minute, considering. Then in quick decision, nodded her head. "All right. May I have Mr. Sunny then?"

"Charlie?" Again Ward showed surprise

"Yes, please. He knew a friend of mine in New York and I want to talk to him about her." Which, she thought, was true as far as it went. Charlie Squires had known Betty Morgan, who kept his picture in her room; and it was of his acquaintance with her that Sally wished to speak

Ward flashed a glance at the silent sheriff. Queer, her asking for Charlie. She didn't look like the sort of girl who would fall for that youth's rather obvious charms and besides, hang it, her father had only been dead twenty-four hours. It was strange that she should express a wish to go riding at all that morning. He wondered what Ginger thought about it but the sheriff's non-committal face told him nothing

"All right," he said at last, unenthusiastically. Capping his hands about his mouth, he called, "Tom!" The houseboy came running. Ward told him where to find Charlie Squires and gave him the necessary instructions

"Any preference in mounts?" he asked when the boy departed, turning courteously back to Sally and indicating the half-dozen horses that still cropped the field beyond the corral

"Yes, please, a live one. I'm sick of New York riding horse." She looked the animals over and pointed to a sleepy-looking chestnut. "May I have him?"

The ranch owner stared; then chuckled, his vague irritation departing. "By George, you shall have him! That's my own beast and I don't usually hand him over to guests. But if you're horsewoman enough to recognise his quality, you're rider enough to handle him properly."

He saddled the chestnut himself and brought him to Sally, helping her mount

"You can wait here for Charlie," he said. "I want to talk to Ginger and we're in a bit of a rush this morning. You won't go off without him?" he added, as she nodded assent to his suggestion. "Promise"

"I promise," agreed Sally. Her first plan to explore the spot where her father had been killed was now supplemented by a new intention. Charlie Squires' presences would not hinder the first one. It might even be helpful since he had been on the ground so shortly after the murder. For the fulfilling of the second, he was necessary. She meant to learn whether or no he were Humphrey Heflin's son. If not, she thought, why should ... ture he installed in the ... frame on Betty Morgan's ... And not in cowboy clothes either, but in very tailored New York garments. It was curious, too, that he should have applied for a job at the ranch the very day that Mr. Heflin arrived there. If he were Claude Heflin, that must surely mean that he was anxious to resume friendly relations with his father. (She admitted to herself that the "if" was a very large one.) Humphrey Heflin, she knew, was suffering under his distrust of his only son and the separation from him. She thought that she might be able to bring them together again. Mr. Heflin had probably expected too much of the boy; failed to make sufficient allowance for his youth and the different ... environment in being the only son of a millionaire. But if he son were tired of his prodigal ways and anxious to return home, she could advise him on the best way to approach his father.

She liked Mr. Heflin and felt that she understood him. As it is to all women, the thought of playing Providence was attractive. Sally mused pleasantly over the prospect while she awaited the suspected prodigal. She was very young.

Gil Ward rejoined the sheriff

"What's up?" asked Ginger promptly. "I didn't want you to worry the girl if you could help it. She's had enough for one while. It's just as well to have her out of the way for a bit. I can see there's something new gone wrong."

"There is," agreed Gil Ward. His bronzed face had sunk back into its earlier worried, hard lines. "Blamed wrong! Heflin has disappeared. No trace of him anywhere."

"Where'd he go? When?"

"I've no idea where he went. As to when, it must have been fairly early last night. His bed has not been slept in."

CHAPTER IX.

Red Head!

DOLLAR BILL, range hoss, grunted disgust as Ward's messenger rode up to him and demanded Charlie Squires.

"How the such and such," he unquired in part, heatedly, "am I ever going to get any work done if the boss keeps yanking my men away? I'm short-handed anyhow. And yesterday the whole pie-eyed lot of 'em practically quit their jobs, they were so busy gabbing about one little lone feller falling over a cliff. I've seen the day when you could a throwed eight men over a bluff and not a seen half the fuss made. What's Ward want with Charlie?"

"He was saddling a horse for that red head that come last night who he sent me out here. Probably she's going riding and needs a guide."

"The dead man's daughter! Why don't she sit home and mourn proper like a female ought? Has to up and go riding. And the season not even started yet! I thought it 'ud be two weeks or more before they called any of the boys in for trail work."

He whistled shrilly and two cowboys working together up the draw, turned at the sound and rode back to him

"The man wants you down at the shack," he said, looking at Charlie. "What for?" Charlie showed instant alarm.

"Well, so far as I know, you ... got your job yet. The kid ... says you're needed to guide Miss Atkinson."

"There you go!" said the man who had ridden up with Charlie, a ... individual with a nose that darted southwest and ... by heading due north. "Losing out the soft spots and shoving them Charlie's way! Why don't you give a handsomer man a chance?"

"You can have her," said Charlie generously. "Red hair isn't my weakness."

"The boss said Charlie," stated Dollar Bill. "Red hair or no red hair, he's elected. Git along!"

He rode away and the squint-eyed person followed, leaning from his saddle to make a friendly pass at Charlie as he went by. The cowboy dodged with a grin at a turn down the trail. The grin faded before he reached the ranch house where Sally waited. Though he preferred guide work to handling cattle, he was not enthusiastic about the present assignment. He hoped the girl, having so recently lost her father, would not insist on discussing the ... with him. He hated such ... Frowning, he recalled that ... had claimed the night before ... know him. He wondered when ... was. He had no memory of ... acquaintance with the ...

She greeted him by raising the hand which held her quirt and promptly swung her horse into Summit Trail, jerking her head to Charlie to follow. Dismayed, he hurried to her side.

"You don't want to go down there, Miss Atkinson."

"Why not?"

He wondered if she knew that the trail led to the place where her father had been killed. Was she planning to go down to the Slide and shed tears over it? Pleasant morning he had before him! Besides, it was no sort of a trail for a woman to ride.

"It's rough up the Pass. Easier riding, too."

"But this is where I want to go."

Charlie hesitated and scratched the back of his neck while he considered.

"Mr. Ward's permission?" he temporized.

"Certainly not!" she flashed. "I go where I please."

"Red hair!" mused Charlie, sighing. He hadn't any use for it on a woman. Made them strident and peculiar. This girl would want her own way and take it, too. "You can't quirt it out of that kind," the man who called himself Charlie Squires decided sadly. "They've got the devil himself in them."

"Aw," said he again. "You don't want to go down the Trail. It's no ride for a tenderfoot."

Instantly he realized his mistake. Sally's eyes gathered ... her shoulders straightened as she faced forward and chirruped to her mount.

"You needn't come if you don't want to," she flung back coldly.

Swearing under his breath, Charlie followed. For about fifteen minutes, they walked their horses in silence and single file down the winding, precipitous path. At a point where it widened a trifle, Sally stopped and waited for him to join her. He came sulkily and she gave an involuntary smile, her brief flare of temper gone. What a baby he was! Just what she would expect Mr. Heflin's spoiled son to be. She wondered how she was going to find out if he really were the oil man's son; then nodded her head decisively. The most direct way was always the best.

"Is Charlie Squires your real name?" asked Sally Atkinson.

"What? . . . Steady there!" said Charlie to his horse which had frowned suddenly. "Steady." Bending forward, he fumbled with the bit. "That's better, eh, Doug? I call him 'Doug,' short for Fairbanks, because he sure can climb," he explained, softly. "What was that you asked me?"

"Never mind," she smiled. "I know the answer now."

"Oh, do I?"

"And I know why you came to this ranch yesterday."

Again Charlie leaned to the bit. His handsome face, concealed from Sally by this manoeuvre, had lost its customary careless expression and his eyes showed anxiety. "I came here to get a

(Continued on Page 28)

"You murderer!" Sally Cried, and the Hand Holding the Quirt Drew Back. The Heavy Whip Lashed Pete Across the Face.

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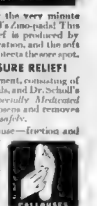

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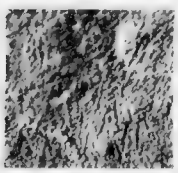
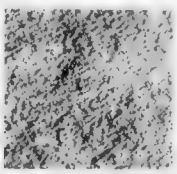


No. 1: her skin with a coarse, starchy powder



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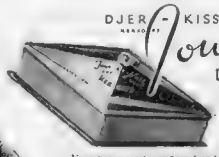

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 26)

he stated, still bending for-

I was sorry you should come

Mr Heflin get here,

and [illegible] exactly.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 28)

too stupid to suspect him, they must have known he'd be needed to give evidence. How could they let him just go away again? And, oh," cried Sally, her face white with horror and indignation, "why did you let him touch my father at all? Why didn't you carry his body up yourself? How dare he go near him again after . . . after . . . To put his filthy hands on the man he had killed. The vileness of him!"

"We don't know yet . . . absolutely and for certain know . . . that he did kill him," said Charlie carefully. "Better go a bit slow."

"Go slow!" The advice meant nothing to Sally. "Go slow" while her father lay dead at the ranch and his murderer still roved at ease. "Go slow" while the ache for vengeance seethed and clamored in her furious breast. She would not go slow. She would do what she had come to do; inspect the Slide and its surrounding territory in the hope of finding further proof of the villainy of Pete Black, and then she would return at once to the ranch and tell Ginger Scullion who had killed her father.

Inclining her head with a determined jerk, Sally raised her quirt, struck her horse's flank sharply and rode onward toward the Slide. Charlie fell in behind her reluctantly, a frown on his forehead and a faint smile playing around his lips. Maybe there was something to this red-headed stuff after all. Certainly they had a useful way of going off half-cocked. He ran his tongue over his full lips, at present somewhat dry, and smiled more broadly. He had always detested Pete Black. It was a pleasure to set the hounds baying upon his track. And he hadn't said a word that wasn't true and provable. Pete would have no excuse for retaliations. Charlie chuckled and lit a cigarette.

They rounded a turn in the Trail and stopped short, the nose of his buckskin running up over the withers of Sally Atkinson's chestnut. The cigarette dropped from his hand and an oath jolted from Charlie's lips.

"Tut, tut," said a rebuking voice. "And you with a lady! Naughty, naughty, Charlie."

"Pete!" exclaimed Charlie. "What are you doing here?"

Sprawled out across the path, his back against a rough jumble of rocks, one foot dangling negligently over space, a cigarette in his mouth and a look of cool interest in his eyes, was Pete Black. At Charlie's question, he raised an eyebrow.

"Private trail?" he inquired mildly. Glancing at Sally he rose indolently to his feet and crowded himself as flat as possible against the boulders so that she might have room to pass.

With her horse tight-held, Sally looked about her at the narrow, jagged and slippery trail, the steep, almost impassible hill towering upward on one side of it and the sheer drop on the other side, lined with that great slice of red granite which gave the place its sinister name, and knew that she was looking upon the spot where her father had been murdered. And there, complacently at ease, regarding her with that infuriating air of bland indifference, was the one man who should never have dared again to approach the place.

Pete Black! The stranger of Manato! The ex-foreman of the Bar W! The man who had slouched among the trees of the ranchyard last night! The man who . . . ! Her hands tightened on the reins, showing white knuckles. There he was. Her father's murderer. Long-limbed, brown as the tree trunks, his eyes cool as the shadows beneath them with a hint of something in their blue depths as hard and implacable as the granite of the hills, there stood Pete Black! Anger flooded her like a tumultuous wave and she rode close to his side.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded curtly, her voice husky in her effort to steady it under the sudden fury that shook her.

Pete looked her over composedly, noting both her beauty and the white heat of her anger. His forehead puckered a trifle.

"Your friend, Mr. Squires, just asked the same question. I asked him if it was a private trail."

"And I'll answer for him," cried the girl. "It is!"

He looked humorously about them at the unmarked wilderness. But as his eyes again met hers, their expression changed.

"You're Miss Atkinson?" he stated sharply. "I'm sorry. I didn't recognize you. Of course, I'll clear out if you wish me to. Naturally you want to be alone here."

"No," she denied. "I don't care about being alone. I only want the place kept clean."

As though doubting her sanity, Pete glanced inquiringly at Charlie Squires. "I don't understand," he said stupidly.

She laughed; an ugly sound. "I didn't suppose you would. Some men are hard to understand. I . . . want . . . this . . . place . . . kept . . . clean," she repeated, spacing the words slowly and clearly. "The place where my father was murdered. So YOU . . . are to stay away from it. Now, do you understand?"

"It's pretty plain language," agreed Pete drawlingly. He had seen a grin on the face of Charlie Squires and anger began to stir slowly in his own veins.

"Then go!" Imperatively, she pointed down the trail with the hand which held her doubled quirt.

"Say 'please,'" .

Her eyes widened and darkened. She leaned forward and stared down, white-faced, into the equally angry face below her. The hand which pointed ahead trembled from the intensity of her rage.

"Go!"

"I'd do most anything to oblige a lady," returned the man before her softly, "most anything. But I never had much use for orders. Just say 'please' nicely and I'll leave at once."

"You . . . You . . !" All of her hatred throbbed in the husky whisper. He had killed her father; had dared to return to the place of his death. To gloat over the deed, perhaps. Or perhaps to conceal some forgotten bit of evidence. It did not matter. The fury that gripped and shook her like a giant hand kept her from coherent thought. There he was, mocking her, mocking the dead man, his victim.

"You murderer!" Sally cried, and the hand holding the quirt drew back. The heavy whip lashed Pete across the face.

Before it could fall a second time, Pete Black's hand caught it, wrenched it from her and tossed it over the cliff. He stood erect now, his breath coming quickly and his fingers clenched. Over his shoulder was the grinning face of Charlie Squires, and at sight of that grin, all the blood which had seemed to drain from him at the blow, rushed back into Pete's head in a crimson flood. His lips drew taut and his eyes narrowed. He stood across the narrow trail, completely blocking it.

"Get out of my way!" ordered Sally.

His eyes were grim points of blue steel. Rigid and unresponsive he held his place, straddling the two foot path.

"Say 'please'!" he repeated evenly, the livid welt across his cheek scarce whiter than his face.

She hesitated and for a minute Pete wondered dimly if she intended to put her horse directly at him and ride over his body. Then, as he waited, the line of her jaw set square and hard, she gathered the reins firmly in her hand, threw herself back in the saddle and thrust her booted toes viciously into the tender spot under Green Hat's forelegs. The animal reared, saw the terrible gulf beneath his feet and whinneyed in frantic terror. Straining upon the bit, Sally wheeled him, holding him upright by sheer force of will and muscle, his rear hoofs pivoting on the narrow and slippery trail while his forefeet pawed hideously the air above the void and his eyes started from his head with fear. wheeled him with wrists of steel until his body had made a full half circle and he was facing upward on the trail down which he had just come. Then, gently, she let him down and, crowding past Charlie Squires where he shouldered his own mount against the hillside, she headed back for the ranch.

Charlie, with popping eyes, slipped off his horse, backed it gingerly until he reached a place where the trail widened sufficiently for him to turn the animal, trotted and rode after her. His mind, like Pete's was full of bursting exclamation points. Not for ten times ten thousand silver dollars—and Charlie liked money—would he have ridden his horse as and where that slip of a red-headed girl had ridden hers.

Left there alone, Pete stood, his fingers touching the burning welt on his cheek. He could still see her white and angry face, her uplifted hand holding the whip; still feel its descending sting; still hear her words, accusing him of murder.

He saw again that rearing beast, its forefeet poised over the thousand-foot drop to the bottom of Summit Trail; saw the girl's unafraid contemptuous eyes as she held the terrified animal to her will and turned him on the trail where no man had ever dreamed before of turning a horse. He drew a long breath.

"Some girl!" said Pete Black to himself, still tenderly handling his cut cheek. "SOME GIRL!"

CHAPTER X.

The Missing Collar.

LONG, lanky Ginger Scullion was in the bedroom that had been assigned the evening before to Humphrey Heflin. Gil Ward had followed him in and stood near the doorway, a frowning, disturbed figure.

"If he doesn't turn up . . ." he began.

"Oh, good heaven, Gil!" cried Dr. Joseph Burke. "Of course he'll turn up. You're not imagining he was murdered too, are you? What's your idea? That that solid, sane, shrewd fellow who built up a fortune by his own efforts allowed himself to be enticed out of this house by some murderer? And that in the very face of the fact that his employer had been killed the same day. Or do you think he was killed here and his body carted away? Have sense, Gil. Have sense."

"It'll be a bad thing for the Bar W," persisted Gil, with gloomy stubbornness, "if we don't learn where he is and that he's all right very soon. Imagine the newspapers! 'Series of Murders at Dude Ranch. No Clues! Crime Rampant in Colorado!' Terrible!"

Mr. Tapping wiped his distraught countenance with a large white handkerchief. He seemed to be very little interested in the ranch owner's anxiety. His own emotions absorbed him. He moved about restlessly, picked up a cigar stub from the dresser and examined it, not curiously, but as one with a mind elsewhere. His motive for the action did not interest Gil Ward.

"Put that down!" he snapped irritably.

Mr. Tapping put it down. There was another, similar stub beside it and a small film of ashes on the floor near the only chair in the room. Ginger Scullion strolled over and looked from the ashes to the stubs.

"Looks as though he had a visitor before he left," suggested Dr. Burke, nodding toward the two stubs.

"How'd he get in?" snapped Ward. "Aside from the little fact that all doors were locked this morning, he'd have had to pass Buster downstairs and there wasn't a sound out of the pooch all night." (Buster was the great wolf hound that slept in the ranch entrance hall. A well-trained animal, he was given one sniff at each ranch guest and new employee and, thereafter, became his loyal protector and guardian. For strangers, Buster had little use until their rectitude was established by his master.)

"How'd Heflin pass him to get out?" retorted the doctor.

"Buster wouldn't have snarled at him. He'd been okayed, curse it!" said the ranchman gloomily.

"Did you say that all the doors were locked this morning?" inquired Ginger, still regarding the stubs with a thoughtful eye.

"Yes. Long Sam vouches for his kitchen door. I can swear to the others myself."

"How did Heflin get out?" asked the doctor. "Climb through his window and jump? Or do you suggest that someone here locked the door behind him after he left?"

Ginger nodded his head slowly to that.

"It's at least possible."

"That might account for the two cigars," pursued Dr. Burke. "Perhaps someone waited with him until he left, someone who followed him downstairs and locked the door afterward."

"I don't like it quite like that." The sheriff picked up the two stubs, one in each hand and examined them carefully. He held them out, turning the chewed ends to the doctor's gaze. "Primer stuff, Jo. See? Both of them were smoked by the same man. By a nervous man. He kept twisting 'em about in his mouth and chewed the ends rather than smoked 'em. Only one pile of ashes, too," he added, jerking his head toward the gray film on the floor.

"Mr. Heflin was not a nervous person," said his secretary in his usual precise tones.

"He was nervous last night," returned Ginger positively.

"But . . ."

"Hadn't Atkinson just been killed? Wasn't that reason enough for his employer—friend, too, his daughter tells me—to be upset? Anyway, he was."

"He spoke to me last night in his usual manner, saying he was going to retire early so as to be ready for a full day today. He did not show any unusual agitation."

"The more shame to him!" grunted Dr. Burke.

"I cannot permit . . ."

"Oh, don't wrangle! Don't wrangle!" said the sheriff wearily.

He crossed the room and kneeling beside the two stout Gladstone bags that lay there, began to fug at their straps. "What else did he say to you, Mr. Tapping? And what time did he go to bed?"

"I left him at the door of his room at ten-thirty, after offering to help him unpack. He said not to bother. He would just take out his pajamas and roll in. He said he was tired."

"This is locked. Got the keys, Mr. Tapping? No? All right. Go on with your story. We can break the lock later."

"I must protest . . ."

"All right. All right." Ginger frowned a little. "Get on with your yarn. You said 'Good night' at 10:30. See him again?"

"Yes. Or rather, no. I spoke to him a little later, about 11 perhaps, but he did not open his door."

"I suppose it was something pretty important that made you disturb him again after he said he was anxious to get to bed," suggested Dr. Burke softly.

"Of some importance. I had just thought of a matter that I believed he would like to know about. There was a light still under his door or I would not have knocked, however. He asked me who it was rather abruptly and when I told him I wished to speak to him, he appeared annoyed. Said, 'Heaven's sake! Heaven's sake, Tapping! Leave me alone, can't you?'"

One of Ginger's shaggy eyebrows moved upward as though jerked by a string.

"And in spite of that, do you still insist that he was perfectly calm, without nervousness?"

"He was not his usual courteous self, certainly," answered the secretary coldly. "I would not describe his manner as nervous, however. I thought that he might be more tired after his

(Continued on Page 30)

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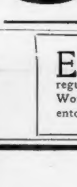

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Stress Summer Safety in Spring Cleanup

IN thousands of homes the country over an intensive Spring cleanup campaign is under way. The housewife is mobilizing her aides of vacuum cleaner, mop, broom and duster against the common enemy King Dirt. At no season of the year is it more important to consider also the topic of Home Safety, says the Director of Applecroft Experiment Station. For, unbelievable as it seems, the American home is not always a haven of safety from accident, danger and casualty. Indeed, it may surprise one to hear that in the single year of 1929 there were some 24,000 persons killed and 3,000,000 injured in accidents occurring within the four walls of the home.

How do these occur, and how may the homemaker do her share of safety prevention?

A large and common group of indoor accidents may be classed as "falls," and many of these are preventable, the Director continues. For example, in the Spring cleaning campaign be sure that the stepladder is well braced and will balance weight before attempting to use it in taking down the curtains, brushing backs of pictures and cleaning the accumulated Winter dust from the mouldings. Often a little oil at the hinges will do the trick and enable the ladder to stand sturdily.

Another type of "fall" is that occasioned by a loose strand of rug or carpet border, which, entirely unsuspected, will cause a sudden and disastrous tripping. After giving the floor coverings their thorough Spring vacuum "bath," look along the bindings on the reverse side for frayed and worn spots. At once have them firmly sewed, using a loose darning stitch on the reverse side of the rug.

Small rug patches of rubber may be bought and quickly attached to the corners or edges, which will help coverings become anti-skid, and hence safer. There are also shops which make a specialty of textile darning, so that the repair is almost invisible, and with expensive coverings and drapes, such mending is worth while.

Everyone knows the story of the rich man who insured his life heavily before starting on a trip around the world. Returning safely from lion hunting, mountain climbing and jungle experiences, he slipped when getting out of the bathtub. The housewife may be interested to learn that there are now on the market several designs in non-slip bath mats which will make home bathing less perilous, one type being held strongly by suction cups to the bottom of the tub.

She might also consider the instalation of a couple of recessed handles in the wall above the tub. These are made in connection with decorative tiles of many colors, and may be screwed on at any time, although intended to be built in as an integral part of the wall. Such handles give a safety grasp to the person emerging from the tub.

As Spring expands into Summer there is an increase in the number of cuts, scratches and minor accidents calling for a well equipped first-aid kit. In connection with her Spring cleaning, the homemaker should be sure to pass judgment on the contents of her medicine closet, discard old or open supplies and known what dangers may lead from the slightest cut if infected, whereas, if treated instantly with the right antiseptic, safety is almost assured.

There is good reason to have a second or additional first-aid cabinet in or near the kitchen or on the lower floor, especially if there are children in the family. Many cuts arise in connection with kitchen processes, such as the all too common cut from a slip of the can-opener or from a misjudged swerve of the kitchen paring knife. An immediate application of antiseptic will prevent the small injury from approaching the danger zone.

Familiar fluids used around housecleaning time are gasoline, benzine or other naphtha products. True, there is nothing better for brushing down the fur of coat collars or neckpieces, nor for cleansing delicate frocks, scarves and similar Winter apparel before being stored away for the Summer. However, the housewife cannot be too cautious in both the use and the storage of such inflammable material on her premises. Buy just enough to do the special cleaning job, always work outdoors away from fire, and pour remaining material instantly away onto the ground or through plumbing waste.

It is better to use one of the newer and non-inflammable cleansing fluids, which are now sold, and which do excellent work when operated in one of the small tubs or devices made specially for garment cleaning. These, by the way, look much like the old-fashioned hand-churn or a very small washing machine and are operated by a crank handle. This special fluid is not prone to combustion, and when used on silks, laces, lingerie, etc., in the machine, will be found far less expensive than the usual dry cleaner's bill.

Other types of common accident are those due to escape of gas, asphyxiation, etc. Generally this is due to a defect in the equipment, specifically a defect in the gas range. Every quality range should be provided with an automatic gas cut-off, so that if there is a leak this safety valve will prevent accumulated gas in the oven or danger when lighting the burner. Look for such safety equipment on gas ranges, on gas water heaters, or the heating unit of a gas laundry drier. When your range receives its thorough Spring scrubbing and polishing have it looked over by your plumber or your gas service man, and make sure of its complete safety.

In the electrical appliances around the home, too, there is a chance for minor inconveniences and possible dangers. When cleaning house look at all of the cords of such appliances as floor lamps, waffle iron, small heating units, etc., above all the hand iron. It is easy to repair such frayed cords oneself, but in the large house with many appliances it may pay to call in an electrical man for a few hours and have him go over the house and test every outlet and utility. Insurance companies expect that their beneficiaries will keep the home free from such possible risks as may develop from short circuit and other avoidable electrical defects.

While the old-fashioned idea of "spontaneous combustion" has little modern basis in fact, nevertheless, that is no excuse for allowing piles of potentially inflammable material to be stored about the house. The attic and cellar are the two danger zones for accumulations of old magazines, old papers, waste textiles and rags. This is the season for making a thorough sweep from house top to bottom, and having in mind not only that such articles are dead storage and collect dust and harbor insects, but that they present a positive fire menace which should be removed. Waste paper may be sold by weight if its reading matter is not in good enough condition to pass along to someone else, but whatever its final reincarnation (and this may be pulp-board, floor covering or roof shingles), speed it on its way and leave the home in greater safety.

Not all houses have chimneys and flues which must be cared for by the individual home owner. But anyone who has been a terrified observer or participant in a "chimney flue fire" is willing to take the trouble or expense to have the house fuel canals thoroughly brushed down once a year. Nothing is better than a small fir or pine tree lowered on ropes from the roof opening, pulled up and down, thus scraping off the almost impalpable black "soot" which so readily catches fire. Those who own oil burners, which have worked hard to heat the house all Winter, should take special note of such flue cleaning.

We may paraphrase and say, "A clean house is never a fire menace." Let the homemaker not only clean up this Spring, but stress Summer safety.

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 29)

journey than I had realized and regretted disturbing him."

"So you let what you had to say go, eh? Decided to wait until morning?"

"I did."

"Humph!" said Ginger.

He had unstrapped the second Gladstone.

"Hello! This one's not locked," he exclaimed in surprise. He threw back the lid. Its contents seemed to be in perfect order, save for one soiled collar that lay incongruously on top of the other neatly packed garments. Ginger picked it up and revolved it slowly before him.

"Mr. Heflin was something on the stout side," he said reflectively. "Chubby, you might call him. What size collar did he wear, Mr. Tapping? Sixteen? Sixteen and a half?"

"Sixteen."

"And you wear?"

"A fourteen."

"Precisely," said Ginger. He touched with wary finger a brownish red smudge on the collar. "This is a fifteen. I wonder," he added musingly, his eyes half shut under their heavy brows, "now I wonder how Atkinson's missing collar happens to be in Heflin's grip? And I wonder how much the fact of its being there has to do with Mr. Heflin's recent disappearance?"

Dr. Burke sprang forward.

"Don't handle it, Ginger," he begged. "Put it down. Finger-prints, you know."

"H'm. Yes. Finger-prints, of course." Ginger put it back in the grip and stood regarding it, his hands slowly parting his thick hair. "This smudge ought to register. Maybe it'll show Heflin's print."

"That's a lie!"

The other three men swung about in surprise. The usually sallow skin of Mr. Tapping was flushed.

"It is a confounded lie," reasserted the little secretary, the words sounding strangely on his mild lips. "I do not in the least understand how Mr. Atkinson's collar came to be in Mr. Heflin's suitcase. You have, in fact, offered no proof that it is Mr. Atkinson's, save a possible similarity in sizes. But I do know that in no possible circumstances could Mr. Heflin have had anything to do with placing it there nor could its appearance have anything whatever to do with my employer's disappearance. The suggestion is a gross one, sir; gross and abominable."

Dr. Burke whistled and sank into a chair.

"Go it!" said he approvingly. "The bantam and the old game cock, by George, and I'm betting on the bantam. Sharpen your spurs, Ginger, and stage a comeback."

The gray eyes of Gil Ward, startlingly light against his sun-bronzed face and dark hair, flickered over the agitated secretary, expressing nothing save a certain gloomy surprise.

The sheriff glanced from one man to another, frowning slightly at his friend's exuberance and mildly protesting Mr. Tapping's outburst.

"You're jumping to conclusions," he said deprecatingly. "I made no accusations against Mr. Heflin. It might be that someone came to him last night, saying he knew who had killed Atkinson and showing that collar to prove it. Possibly he used it to get Mr. Heflin out of the house, offering to point out the murderer."

"You are now," said Mr. Tapping icily, "suggesting that my employer is a fool."

"Oh, glory to the saints!" cried Dr. Burke with a chuckle. "Six to one on the bantam, Ginger!"

Ginger ran his fingers through his hair and sighed.

"There's the collar," he said, gesturing toward it. "It isn't yours and it isn't Mr. Heflin's. It's about the right size for Atkinson and we know that the collar he wore when he was killed is missing. When I say that finding it in Mr. Heflin's grip is peculiar, I am saying nothing against Mr. Heflin. It is peculiar. Mr. Heflin's disappearance is another peculiar fact. Usually the various peculiar facts in any one case have some connection, although we may not see just how they fit together at the start. As the case works out they fall into their proper places."

"I think it is a plant," said Mr. Tapping, still employing a frigid tone and manner toward the sheriff and turning to the owner of the ranch with a touch of appeal in his voice. "All the indications point to its being a plant intended to throw suspicion upon Mr. Heflin."

Gil Ward shrugged his shoulders. "You're back at the old theory that someone must have been here with Mr. Heflin last night. Who? He didn't know anyone on the ranch, except, of course, his own party." His eyes met Mr. Tapping's and moved back to the sheriff.

"It might be a plant," said Ginger soothingly to the irritated Mr. Tapping. "We'll consider that possibility, too. We'll consider all of them. In the meantime, I dare say you've got a lot of things you'd like to tend to. You're a busy man, too, Ward. We'll let you go as well. Jo, you can stay with me a bit."

"Thanks," said Dr. Joseph Burke.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Famous Dishes From Famous Tea Rooms

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pickled Pigs' Feet.

DRAIN pickled pigs' feet, dip in well seasoned batter and cook in hot deep fat until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper and garnish with crisp parsley.

Cabbage Tartare.

SOAK finely shredded hard cabbage in ice water until crisp. Drain. Mix with sauce tartare and serve immediately. This is very good with fried oysters, etc.

Cucumber Salad.

SELECT choice cucumbers. Slice off tops and carefully remove seeds and inside pulp. Mix diced cold chicken breast, sliced tomatoes, broken bits of broiled bacon, Russian dressing to taste and diced cucumber pulp. Fill the cucumber cases with this mixture. Arrange crisp watercress. Serve with Russian dressing.

Ragout of Sweetbreads Supreme.

COOK rice in well seasoned chicken stock. The rice should be tender and dry. Pack rice lightly into small buttered molds. To 1 cup of well seasoned white sauce add ½ cup cream, 1 slightly beaten egg yolk, salt and pepper to taste, 6 sauted mushrooms and 1 pair of boiled and diced sweetbreads. Cook over hot water until egg is set and sweetbreads reheated. Turn rice mold out on serving plate and pour the sweetbreads over the rice. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Ravioli Paste.

PREPARE a paste from 1 pound of sifted flour, 5 eggs and about 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Roll in a napkin and set aside for 15 minutes. Then roll as thin as possible and cut in small rounds. To prepare stuffed ravolis place a tablespoon of the prepared filling (chopped left-over chicken or veal, boiled ham, calf's liver, etc., may be used with enough egg yolk and stock to moisten) in the center of each piece. Brush edges with cold water and cover with a second piece of paste. Press edges together. Drop plain or stuffed raviolis into boiling salted water or broth. Drain and put in layers in a buttered baking dish, seasoning each layer with grated cheese or butter.

Beef Balls.

PASS 1½ pounds lean beef, 1 pound lean veal and ½ pound lean bacon through meat chopper two or three times. Beat 3 eggs, add 1¾ cups milk and 1½ cups bread crumbs and let stand until crumbs are soft. Combine with meat. Add a few grains pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 tablespoons onion juice and, if desired, a little minced parsley. Omit parsley if you are not sure that it is liked by all your family. Shape in small balls. Brown evenly in ½ cup melted fat. When evenly browned add about 2 cups boiling water, cover closely, and simmer gently about ½ hour. Thicken sauce in pan with a little browned flour and season to taste. Serve with a garnish of broiled mushrooms.

Roast Beef Salad.

THINLY slice cold roast beef and cut in small dollar shaped pieces. Blend lightly with well seasoned French dressing seasoned with onion juice, chopped chives and paprika. Serve on crisp lettuce or endive.

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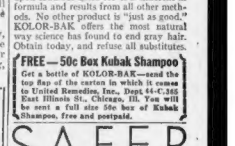

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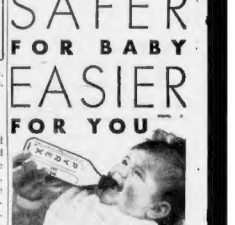

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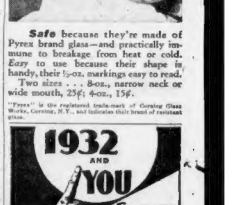

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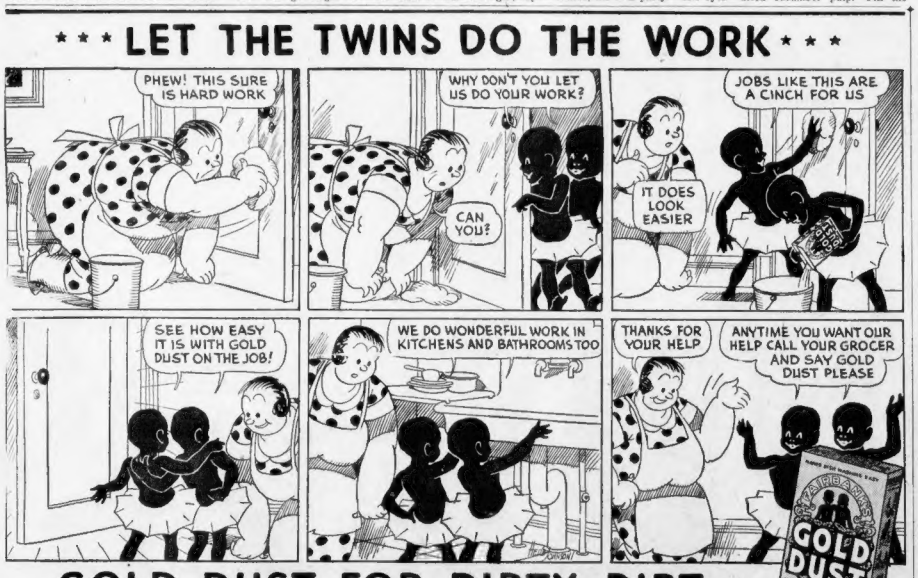
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Ten Tested Kitchen Tools for Quicker Meal Service

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IT'S the little touches that make the difference, whether in frocks or in furnishings! And no place is this more true than in the kitchen where the right tool, the efficient tool, may radically reform even the most drudging of kitchen tasks. The same old job of paring vegetables, squeezing juices, sifting flour, or frying in the same old skillet—are there not new and improved ways of doing these humble daily chores?

Yes, here are ten tested tools or kitchen chore boys, each recommended to speed cooking and make meal service more attractive. Now, in the Spring of the year, is just the time to engage their helpful services. Some save fuel, others save fingers, still others save tir and energy. Here they come. Attention! Fall into quick service for Mrs. Homemaker!

Kitchen Boy No. 1 is a frying fork of stainless steel. Shaped like a pancake turner of neat proportions, this blade has several slits in it, and five sharp points on its end. Slightly corrugated too, is this blade, which is mounted on a convenient durable handle. The slits allow grease to drip out and down as the turner picks up such fried foods as eggs, doughnuts, etc. The points prevent dropping food, while the waved design also keeps the food from sliding off, which such slippery foods always tend to do. For the morning bacon, the noon fritter, or the evening chop, this Kitchen Boy Frying Fork is a handy aid.

Kitchen Boy No. 2 is a Sprinkler Sifter of rustproof wire. It looks like a wire egg mounted on two spring handles. It may be lowered into a bowl of flour or a can of powdered sugar, and as it scoops up the material, it also frees it from lumps. Then, with a slight pressure on the handle, the sifter will sprinkle cinnamon on the buns, the doughnuts, or flour little by little into the gravy, so it won't lump in the making. It will crumb cutlets or fish, or rapidly and handily sprinkle any food with any material capable of being sifted.

Kitchen Boy No. 3 is a gigantic Kitchen Tongs to take the place of fingers while doing such jobs as lifting beets or ears of corn out of hot water, turning the chicken or the baked apples in the roasting pan to look at them more closely or to baste them, lifting ice cubes, lifting boiled eggs from their pan—whenever fingers or forks are commonly used, Kitchen Tongs can do the job more effectively.

Kitchen Boy No. 4 is a Paper Napkin Fixture which holds 30 paper napkins in a small, neat metal container, yet so exposed that you may quickly pull a napkin out when you wish it for meal service, or for the many uses where paper products are helpful in the kitchen. The fixture stands at attention on the table or the cabinet top, and holds its contents ready, available and clean.

Kitchen Boy No. 5 is a Vegetable Grater which is at once simple, safe, and rapid. It consists of a wire and metal slide or rack into which may be set any one of three or four special discs, each with a distinctive cutting blade. In use the hands do not touch the foods being prepared. There is a plain slicer disc for making thinly sliced potatoes, cucumbers or shaved cheese slices for Summer sandwiches; the shredder disc prepares cole slaw and potatoes for hash brown and other ways; the mincer disc is invaluable for vegetables which are to be creamed or diced in salads. "I grate everything" may be taken as the motto of this utilitarian Kitchen Boy who, nevertheless, makes many foods look more artistic than usually served.

Kitchen Boy No. 6 is a Juice Squeezer—one could almost say "Juice Snuffer," as it is shaped much like the peaked top of the old-fashioned candle snuffer, as it rests on the metal cup underneath. Operating by a simple crank handle, this squeezer literally "squeezes the juice out of" any orange or lemon so unfortunate as to be placed under its powerful grip. One tilt forward of the cup, and lo, generous juice is poured directly into a waiting tumbler.

Kitchen Boy No. 7 does not stand in the kitchen, but on the rear porch or entry. It is a Vacuum Milk Bottle Container, which will hold three quart bottles of milk as the milkman delivers it. Made of heavy metal, painted green, and with an interior insulation of fibre material, this Milk Container represents safety, convenience and economy. No marauding dogs or cats can tip it over; once it is closed it keeps its milk chilled, clean, and safe until such time as the housewife opens her door to take in her milk. In hot weather it will prove a boon to the suburban resident, or the Summer homesteader whose ice delivery may be uncertain.

Kitchen Boy No. 8 is a Wall Bottle Opener which may be depended on to remove the cap on the most stubborn of bottles. Not only gingerale and similar beverage bottles, but the caps from condiments such as catsup, horseradish, jellies, or jams. Just place the cap in an inclined position under this opener, and, presto, with but one good tug, off will come the most hard-boiled of lids or caps.

Kitchen Boy No. 9 is a Teaspoon Sugar Sifter which when tilted downwards towards the teacup will pour exactly one teaspoon, no more, no less! This is a convenience not only in all measuring, but in serving sugar for the usual coffee or tea. The Sifter is made of glass, and the measuring device is enclosed in a metal cone at the top, which may easily be removed for cleaning or refilling.

Kitchenboy No. 10 is a Cake Knife which looks like a section of fine muscle wires mounted on a handle. But the wires are sharp and cut or literally "break" the delicate texture of a cake into a convenient slice for eating. The Breaker thus prevents crumbs, and the squashing down of one's choice layer or angel food cake. Easily washed, it is far better than any usual knife for this special purpose.

And now the 10 Kitchen Boys have appeared and told you of their abilities. What Mrs. Homemaker will engage them for this or the other service in her home? Fewer scorched or scraped fingers, more delicate ingredients, more rapid accomplishment of certain tasks is sure to follow in their wake.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Bacon with Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Creamed Fish on Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, French Omelet, Biscuits, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Waffles, Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Out of a Can)*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Vegetable Chowder, Graham Ice Box Rolls, Lime Fluff, Tea.	Macaroni and Cheese, Grapefruit and Romaine Salad, Wafers, Tea.	Baked Bean Casserole, Brown Bread Sandwiches, Cabbage Relish, Tea.	Beet and Egg Salad with Watercress, Russian French Dressing, Buttered Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Whip, Cocoa.	American Chop Suey (Canned), Canned Beans, Pineapple and Marshmallow Cup.	Calf's Liver and Bacon, Broiled Pineapple, Chicory, Endive, Romaine, Watercress or Lettuce with Fruit, French Dressing, Cheese Dreams, Tea.	Roast Chicken with Cream Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Buttered String Beans, Stuffed Cucumber Salad, Coffee Soufflé, Wafers, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Left-Overs)*
Beef Loaf, Brown Tomato Sauce, Potatoes, Buttered Spinach or Spiced Beets, Apple Pie.	New England Boiled Dinner, Radish Salad, Marshmallow Gingerbread, Half Cups Coffee.	Mixed Grill of Pork Chops, Candied Potatoes, String Beans, Dandelion Salad, Chocolate Parfait.	Delmonico Roast, Baked Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered Carrots, Waldorf Salad, Cheese Dreams.	Baked Finnan Haddie, Carrots and Peas, Baked Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Cornstarch Pudding with Hot Jelly Sauce.	Beef Balls, Onions, Noodles, Canned Pears in Cherry Jelly, Mayonnaise Dressing, Cake.	Hot Chicken Gravy Sandwiches, Sliced Tomatoes, Mystery Cake, Milk or Tea.

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American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY APRON (7508). Designed in 1 size: Medium. It requires 1¾ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with bias binding will require 7 yards 1½ inches wide.

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GIRL'S DRESS (7246). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require 2¾ yards of 39-inch material if made as shown in the large view. Without the bolero the dress will require 2 yards. The bolero alone will require ¾ yard. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 5¼ yards 1½ inches wide.

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Mother's Most Important Task

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Front Page News

EXTRA

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1932

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330,000,000 ARE SOLD IN NINE MONTHS

America's Answer to Cigar Finer Than Its Price

Always above nickel cigars when it sold at higher price, the same identical White Owl, sold February, 1931, at 7 cents, is still above them when sold at 5 cents. 330,000,000 sold in nine months proves that thousands realize it. Are you getting the benefit of the cigar better than its price mark?

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